UNKULUNKULU in ZULULAND

ANDREW BURGESS

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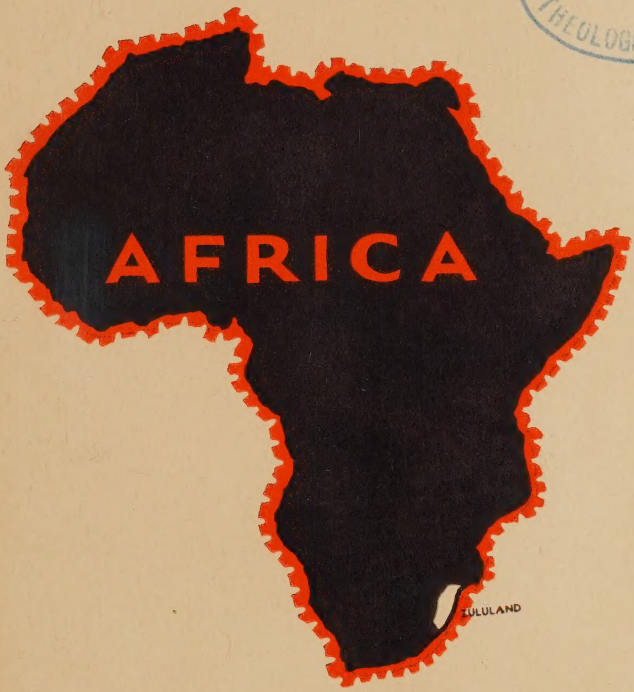

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TO

OUR TORCH-BEARERS

IN

DARK SOUTH AFRICA

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Introduction

THE Zulus believe that God created them and call Him Unkulunkulu, "The Great Great." When questioned about Him, they say: "He made the trees, the mountains, the rivers, the cattle and us people. He gave us a name, equipped us with embers to start a fire and tools with which to work. Then Unkulunkulu left us. Some say He went by way of the sea. Our ancesters have seen His path through the forest, but He did not return. He has forgotten us."

"He created—He forgot." That is the Zulu's creed concerning Unkulunkulu.

Ninety years ago, our first missionary, Hans Paludan Smith Schreuder, arrived in South Africa. He brought his testimony concerning the love of "The Great Great" to the swarthy court of King Mpande of Zululand. Since then the missionaries have witnessed of the omnipresence and of the eternal love of God in Christ Jesus to the Zulus. The history of that message this past century is outstanding proof that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation" wherever it is faithfully proclaimed.

During a visit to Zululand in 1926, it was my joyful experience to visit with our missionaries while they went about their daily tasks; to go with them as they traveled from kraal to kraal; and to witness the mighty changes wrought by the Lord. While there the thought came to me that our people in America should know about this blessed work. No book in the

English language had appeared in America telling about our mission in Zululand.

Material was gathered during these travels about the country. The missionaries kindly gave me much valuable help and information. It was especially a privilege to speak with the late Mrs. Nils Astrup, wife of Bishop Astrup, and to learn from her of the early days of the mission. Sincere thanks are due to missionaries on the field who have read and evaluated the contents of the manuscript. Deep gratitude is extended in particular to the Rev. Johs. Astrup, D.D., the superintendent of the mission, for his painstaking examination of the material, for valuable counsel and for warm-hearted co-operation from the beginning.

Heartfelt thanks are due to my esteemed friends, Miss Ingeborg Stolee and the Rev. John Peterson who have carefully read through the manuscript; to Dr. J. R. Birkelund for his sympathy, suggestions and practical help in a number of ways; and most of all to my wife, the soul of my home, the sharer of this work, and the inspiration of my best endeavors.

If the Lord may use this book to deepen the understanding of His power where He has been proclaimed and hasten the attainment of our goal to win "the heart of Africa," by showing the needs of the groping, unshepherded masses that still await His message, the author will be profoundly grateful.

ANDREW BURGESS.

St. Paul, Minnesota,
May, 1934.

CHAPTER 1

Glimpses of Paganism

"THE chief calls," cried Jojo. "Now we shall know who bewitched my father's cow. I see the people gathering at the chief's hut." And the brown trio of Zulu boys sped across the valley to the large kraal on the broken hillside.

The men of the kraal came from the surrounding huts and seated themselves in a circle on the ground, after having been saluted by their chief with the customary South African greeting, "I see you." The snuff box was passed around so that each might take his pinch before the business at hand would be considered. An air of deep solemnity prevailed, for this was a matter of mystery

Jojo's father began: "Friends! Men! You see me in deep trouble. I fear we shall all die. You know that I am a man of peace and not of wrong-doing. An enemy is plotting my ruin, albeit I attend to my own work and eat my own corn. A wizard has destroyed my cattle. Soon he will kill all of us, for who can withstand witchcraft? Men, friends! What shall I do?"

The replies were guarded at first. Although the men may have had their suspicions as to some individual with whom the afflicted one had been at variance, they feared lest they too become the prey of the black art. Then with one accord they all exclaimed: "Call the isanusi (witch doctor). He will smell out the guilty one; he will trace the foul deed to its source, and your wrongs will be avenged."

Jojo, who stood on the outside of the circle together with the women and children, felt a thrill of fear and anticipation as the isanusi appeared. He was dressed with skins of leopards and pythons, with teeth of wild cats and other charms about his neck, horns of deer and inflated bladders of birds attached to his hair, a leopard skin dangling about his loins, a hideous spec-

Jojo and His Friends

tacle to behold, talking and chanting in deep, uncanny tones as he pranced into the circle of the men in front of the chief.

The isanusi is both detective and judge. He knows every bit of gossip, slander, suspicion and all the jealousies in the village. So he also knows which verdict will please the accuser and thus secure for himself the biggest fee. For the izanusi are well-paid judges.

The Witch Doctor Throwing the Bones

He seated himself in the circle, and the chief proceeded to tell his troubles. "Last night one of my cows bit off the tails of three of her companions. Whoever heard of a cow doing such a thing before? We know that some one has bewitched her We are in great fear for we know that some one wishes to destroy us. Soon he will cause our deaths. Help us, O powerful isanusi!"

"We will throw the bones," replied the latter, in a hollow voice, as he began to open his cat skin bag of paraphernalia.

The bones were prepared from sheeps' ankles, polished smooth on one side and made rough on the other. When these were thrown in the air they fell to the ground as the spirits directed them. If the smooth side of the bone turned up, the person was innocent; but if the rough side turned up, he was guilty.

The trial was on. There was breathless silence as the witch doctor threw the bones, once for each member of the group. For each one the smooth side turned up, except for the man with whom the chief had had a disagreement sometime ago because of one of his wives. For him the rough side of the bone was up. He was found guilty. The isanusi shot a quick glance at the chief. Yes, there was a look of satisfaction there. He had made no mistake.

"I'm innocent, truly I am," cried Qwabe. But there was no compassion on the faces of those sitting in the circle. The spirits had spoken; he had committed the most awful sin of which the Zulu knows, that of witchcraft. It was worse than murder, and the only punishment for such a crime was a painful death.

"Let him die," commanded the chief; and without

more ado the unlucky victim was dragged up the mountain side, his bones broken by knobkerries, the short Zulu clubs,—then he was hurled over the precipice into the abyss below.

Meanwhile Qwabe's wives had availed themselves of every moment. When their husband was pronounced guilty they knew they too might be executed. So they slipped away quickly through the woods, to hide far over the mountains in caves and recesses from whence they would later seek a way over the Tugela river to Natal.

That night, while Jojo's relatives were gathered about the fire in the dark hut, the old grandfather told of his adventures with the dread things of witchcraft and spirits. He spoke in a weird whisper while the flames leaped up and down making fantastic specters about the sombre hut. Jojo's blood curdled and froze in his veins. His ears still reechoed the screams of Qwabe as he was being taken up the mountain. Jojo and the other children trembled with terror. They were being initiated into the terrible religion of fear which haunts the heathen of Africa.

The Creation of the Zulus

"Who created us?" asked the Zulu boys of the old grandfather one day.

"Unkulunkulu—the Great Great," the man replied. "He sprang from a reed which grew on the banks of the river. We do not know where this river is located. Some say it is in Natal and others say it is in Zululand."

"But who made the reed from which the 'Great Great' came forth?"

"I do not know. Our ancestors do not know. Un-

kulunkulu created us and all the things of the earth but Unkulunkulu forgot."

The Zulu people have many stories about the creation of the world. This is one of them:

"We black men had the same origin as you white men. But we black men were given cattle and picks for digging with the arms and weapons of war. It was said, 'It is enough; you shall now shift for yourselves.' So we departed and came in this direction. You white men stayed behind with all good things and with laws also which we do not possess.

"We used to hear it said by our fathers, they too having heard of others, that a man first came into being; and then a women after him. After that a cow came into being; it appeared walking with a bull. After that a female dog and after her a dog. And after that all the little animals and elephants; all came into being in pairs.

"After that corn came into being. When the corn had come to perfection, the man said to the woman, 'That which you now see, true woman, is something for us to eat. We shall eat at once. Behold corn.'

"The woman asked saying, 'In what way shall it be eaten?' The man replied, 'Since you see it growing thus, let it be cut. Take a rod and thresh it; find a stone and then find a second that it may be an upper stone.'

"He said, 'There is clay, take it and mould it and pour water into the vessel.'

"For his work he cut down a small tree, the uluzi, and obtained fire by friction. He said, 'Make a fire, we can now cook.' The food when cooked was taken out of the pot and put into a vessel. And so they ate and said, 'We shall never die if we eat this corn.'

"He told the cattle to eat grass and he told the game

Carrying Wood to Keep the Home Fires Burning

the same, pointing out to them the same grass. And he told them not to remain all at home.

"On the day the first man was created he said as to what happened to them in the bed of reeds, that they did not see their own creation. When he and his wife first saw, they found themselves crouching in a bed of reeds and saw no one who had created them.

"As regards the bed of reeds on the day they came into being, it swelled and when it had burst, they came out. After that there broke off the umhlanga (primal source) of cattle and of all other animals."[1]

There is another legend which resembles somewhat the Biblical account of creation: "Unkulunkulu was the first person and all people are his descendants.

[1]Callaway, "Religious System of the Amazulu," pages 45-47.

The earth existed before Unkulunkulu. He came up out of the earth through a reed. He looked at the sun when it was completed and said, 'Here is light by which you can see.' He saw the cattle and said, 'Here are cattle, let them be your food. Eat their flesh and drink their milk.' He saw the wild animals and said, 'Here is this and that animal—here is an elephant, here is a buffalo.' He saw the fire and said, 'Light it, cook food, warm yourselves and eat meat which has been fried on it.' He saw all things and gave them names."

Of the manner in which death entered the world the Zulus relate: "Unkulunkulu called a chameleon and said, 'Go, chameleon, and tell the people that they shall not die.' The chameleon went, but proceeded very slowly. He tarried on the way and ate the fruit of the tree called ukwebezana.

"Some time after the departure of the chameleon, Unkulunkulu sent a lizard. The lizard hurried along the way because Unkulunkulu had bidden it say, 'The people shall die.' The lizard delivered his message and returned to Unkulunkulu. The chameleon, who was to announce that they should not die, finally reached the people. But when he cried out, 'It has been said that the people shall not die,' these replied, 'Oh, we heard the message of the lizard which told us that we must die. We cannot listen to the word you bring us. Because of the message of the lizard, people will die.' "[2]

Bishop H. P. S. Schreuder discovered the same legends about creation and the coming of death into the world among the Zulus. He says that it is possible to

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[2]Callaway, "Religious System of the Amazulu," pages 3-4.

recognize in these legends distorted accounts of the Biblical story of the creation and the fall. Unwabo (the chameleon) is the personification of the state of innocence; for the root of the word "onwaba" means a state of well-being. Ukwebezana indicates the tree of knowledge and "intulu" (the lizard) probably stands for the old serpent who by a clever trick brought misfortune and sorrow upon the unwary people. The Zulus still vent their anger at the lizard and the chameleon when they see them along their pathways. To the chameleon they say, "Why did you tarry to eat 'ukwebezana,' you ugly monster?" And to the lizard they say, "You witch, why did you hurry so to tell us we must die?"

Another legend relates that the monkeys were formerly people. The change came about in this way: When the women were out hoeing the cornfields they became tired and lazy and leaned back on the hoe handles. As a punishment the handles grew fast to the women as tails. When they saw this, they felt much disgraced and climbed up and hid in the trees of the forest where they have lived ever since. The natives, therefore, consider the monkeys their lazy relatives and express regret when they have to shoot them for stealing their corn.

The Zulu without God

After creating man and all the creatures of the world, God withdrew. Some say He went by way of the sea and others say, "Unkulunkulu, having created us, forgot us." They have no dealings with Him. At the large religious festivals, they bring no offerings to Unkulunkulu. In their prayers they do not call upon Him. The Zulus stop with the acknowledgment of

God as having existed at one time. Their thirst for the knowledge of Him is quickly satisfied. And so they, in like manner, forget God.

The Zulu thus finds himself in a world emptied of the "Great-Great." But the Zulu has enemies all about him, enemies in the field of the supernatural. Millions of strange shadows lurk along his pathway, ready to bruise or detroy him. The spirits of the dead, the spirits in the trees, rivers, caves, rocks—yes, they all combine to mar his happiness and they would kill him if they could. He is surrounded by dense woods and jungles where he hears the unceasing noises of the insects, the roar of the wild beast, and the terrified cry of an animal attacked by some lurking foe. He hears the story of one of his relatives or friends who went out into the forest and never returned. Surely some of

"And Some Say Unkulunkulu Went by Way of the Sea"

these spirits seized him and carried him away. Why do the spirits haunt him? They are directed and sent by some evil person working witchcraft.

General J. C. Smuts tells about the great fears which hover over the head of heathen Africa. "There is one perpetual nightmare on the African continent, and that is witchcraft. It is almost impossible for us to realize what its power is over the native. The whole life of the native is spent under that great blight, and it is only his happy temperament that keeps him from giving way. He is forever being pursued by imaginary evils and dangers from the beginning of his life to the end."[3]

Belief in the Spirit World

Though the Zulus do not call upon Unkulunkulu, they do feel the need of some one upon whom they may call in times of dire distress. They realize their own helplessness to cope with the things of the unseen world and their hearts are full of fear. To whom should they turn? Their fathers who helped them when they were still alive and who protected them from danger, would surely not neglect them after they are dead. According to their belief, their fathers still exist in the form of spirits, "amadhlozi." To these spirits of the deceased the Zulus offer sacrifices and pray for protection and blessing.

The Spirits of the Ancestors

When a Zulu dies his "idhlozi" or "itongo" (soul or spirit) enters into the great world of ancestral spirits (amadhlozi, plural). At the burial the grave is

[3]Phillips, R. E., "The Bantu Are Coming," pages 22-23.

sometimes covered with branches of trees. These branches are watched closely and when the branches have decayed, it is thought that the body has also decayed. Then the spirit may appear crawling about the grave in the form of a snake. If the person is of the ordinary class, his spirit enters the common harmless snake found among the grasses. If a king dies, his spirit enters a black mamba, one of the most venomous snakes in South Africa. The spirit of Tshaka (Chaka), the great Zulu king, would sometimes appear in the form of a mamba and was followed by other snakes which were the spirits of those who fell with him in battle.

Schreuder relates that at one time a rumor spread among the Zulus that the serpent ghosts of the two great kings, Tshaka and Dingana, had appeared in the king's kraal where the reigning king Mpande was living. Dingana's serpent had bit Tshaka's serpent in the throat. Mpande therefore ordered Dingana's serpent to be killed and burned and its ashes thrown into the river Umfolozi. After a time, it was said that the serpent had become alive again and had been seen at another place. The superstitious natives decided that it was not possible to kill the spirit of the former king and punish him in this way. They reasoned that as soon as the serpent was killed the spirit would leave it and go into another serpent and it could therefore appear when and where it desired.

The soul enters a snake as a means of convenience in order to appear before the living relatives. The Zulus say there are certain characteristics which distinguish a snake possessing a human spirit. When it enters a hut or kraal, it comes without fear and makes itself at home in the rafters or by curling up in a corner,

Its purpose is to bring protection to the family and to speak with them through dreams. Then it is rewarded with a sacrifice of some kind, and later crawls away.

All snakes are not the abode of ancestral spirits. A serpent without such a spirit shows fear of people by turning about in apprehension. When the Zulu sees that, he may kill it. We have observed Zulu boys kill mambas and night adders with great glee.

King Cetshwayo testified to the belief of his people that the ancestral spirits take abode in snakes. He called such a serpent an "idhlozi." "As to the belief of the Zulu people in amadhlozi (ancestral spirits) the king can only corroborate it by saying that the idhlozi is distinguished from any other snake like unto it, in that the idhlozi comes to a kraal and does not appear to be timid and when the same kraal is removed to any other place, the same snake will follow the moving inhabitants, and makes its residence at the new kraal. You can recognize them even as you recognize a human acquaintance."[4]

There have been times when the spirits have come back and visited the home village in the form of wasps. The Zulus say that old women occasionally appear in their former home in the form of an ugly lizard called "isalukazana." Missionary O. Stavem saw a large crocodile sunning itself in a shallow pool near a Zulu village. He asked the people why they did not kill the animal before it destroyed some of their people. They excused their negligence with the explanation that they thought it was the abode of a spirit. In some instances the natives have stated that the spirit of the king had gone into an elephant or a lion.

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[4]Willoughby, W. C., "The Soul of the Bantu," pages 159-160.

A careful survey of the Zulu beliefs in regard to the reincarnation of the soul does not show that a soul must necessarily pass through different stages, such as that of a fish, bird, ox, snake and then return to a

Zulu Twins Dressed in Sunshine

man. We do find evidence among the Bantu tribes of a belief in rebirth, where the soul after death enters into another child and thus perpetuates itself. But the general evidence to support such a theory is not enough to present it as a religious belief.

No matter in what animal the spirit makes its abode

after death it will retain the same characteristics as when it was alive in human form. A person who was greedy in this life will be greedy in the spirit world. The spirits quarrel and try to take advantage of each other. They take pleasure in praise and flattery from their children and for such attention are more willing to bless them. They are strong defenders of the rights and customs of the clan and if any of the living do not observe these they will send punishment by destroying the crops and bringing death into the family.

"If the spirits are not pacified, we shall all die," say the Zulus.

In one home three small children had, at different times, fallen into the open fireplace and were badly burned.

"Yes, indeed," say the heathen, "there is a curse on that family. One of this man's wives was murdered and the crime was not avenged. Now the spirit of the dead woman calls for revenge in this manner."

Ancestors Speak Through Dreams

The Zulus think that when a person sleeps, his spirit is temporarily absent from his body and wanders around from place to place and speaks with absent members of the family. For that reason they are very careful to awaken a person slowly out of sleep lest his body may awaken and the spirit still be wandering around and not return to its habitation.

Dreams are considered to be one of the common ways for the ancestral spirits to manifest themselves to those who are living. A man may be out on a hunting trip and then dream that a relative has died. He must then stop hunting immediately and go home to find out whether or not it is true. He may dream

that a snake came to him and told him that the snake he killed the previous day was his own grandfather and that the spirit was exceedingly angry with him for this wrong done it. An ox must be killed without delay to appease the spirit's anger.

Sometimes the Zulu wishes to prevent the spirits from visiting him with dreams. To accomplish this he chews up sticks of charm medicine in his mouth, spits upon a piece of wood and throws it over his back without looking. If that does not stop the bad dreams, he appeals to an isanusi to compel the spirit to enter into an ant heap.[5] Usually the people like to have dreams and will frequently place offerings at the top of their heads at night to entice the spirits to come and to speak to them while they sleep.

A Zulu Hut

[5]Willoughby, "The Soul of the Bantu," page 95.

The Zulus find it difficult to explain why a spirit can appear in the form of a snake, which they see with their own eyes when they are awake and the fact that the spirits appear to them as human beings when they dream about them. When pressed for an answer about it or about many other religious customs, they usually reply: "the great 'isanusi' says so and it must be true." To delve deeper into the mysteries of the human soul and the reasons for their religious practices, does not interest them. The diviner knows it all and if he does not know, he can ask the ancestral spirits.

Location of the Spirit World

There is considerable confusion among the Zulus as to the location of the spirit world. It is generally agreed that it is under the ground. In the primitive religions, of practically every race, it is rare to find the belief that the souls of their departed go up into a heaven in the sky. The spirits of their dead enter in and go out through the grave. There is another way of entering the spirit world and that is over the rim of the earth. The west coast natives thought that the white people who came to their shores by way of the sea, traveled over this rim when they came to them. Their white faces also confirmed this belief, and indeed, did not the white people have an amazing amount of money and were they not skilled in the art of magic?

An ancient legend in Zulu folk-lore sheds some light on their idea of the abode of the deceased. It seems that there were two men who decided to explore the place of the departed spirits. "One was a hunter, Umkatshana by name, whose dogs drove a buck into a cave and pursued it. He followed the dogs, nothing

daunted, and went on and on till he came to a place where the Abapanzi (underground folk) were dwelling. Fortunately he found some of his old friends among the Abapanzi, and they bade him return home, —which he did, I suppose, else we should never have had his story.

"The other man, if he were another, chased a porcupine which had been spoiling his garden. The porcupine scuttled into a hole, and the man went after it in hot pursuit. He found it dark in there till his eyes became used to the gloom and he pressed forward. He reached a pool which stretched from one side of the tunnel to the other, except for a narrow ledge; but he was not balked. He crept cautiously along the brink and still kept on his way. When night came he slept upon his track and pushed on in the morning. After crossing a river, he saw that it was growing lighter ahead, and soon he heard dogs barking and children crying, and he came upon a village. It was now time to be discreet, and he retraced his steps, walking backward, wily man, so as to mislead any vagrant dweller in the underworld who should happen upon his spoor. At last he came out again through the hole by which he entered."[6] Another Zulu in recounting this story stated that the hunter saw large granaries of food and an abundance of white cattle running about the village. The people were well-fed and in happy circumstances.

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[6]Willoughby, "The Soul of the Bantu," page 59.

CHAPTER 2

Spirits and Witch Doctors

THE Zulu finds many occasions for worshipping his ancestors. There are two forms of worship, family and public. At the family worship only the spirits of his own forbears are called upon. Blessings on births and marriages and deliverance from illness and other calamities are the common petitions. King Cetshwayo stated that it was customary in times of illness in the family that the relatives offer an ox to the ancestral spirits and pray in this fashion:

"We offer unto you, spirits of our departed relations, this beast, in order that you, who are the chief relatives of this patient, may invite all your other spiritual relations to partake of this beast offered unto you, even as you did on earth while alive, in behalf of the patient; satisfy yourselves and show kindness unto this patient, your relative, by giving him good health."

At the public worship of the ancestors, objects of a more general benefit are asked for. These spirits of the departed are called upon for deliverance from a serious drought or a great epidemic, for success in hunting, increase of the crops and of the herds, and for victory in battle. At these public feasts, the king or ruling chief officiates as priest. The diviners are but his helpers.

Offering the Sacrifice

Tribal custom determines the kind of animal which shall be sacrificed at the ceremonies. Even the sex and color play a great part. When the diviner finds that

the spirit has been especially exasperated and will not be satisfied until an ox with the proper color has been found, he compels the persons offering the sacrifice to search everywhere for the properly colored victim. Cattle are considered the most acceptable animals for sacrifice. After them come goats and fowls.

A certain amount of ritual is always carefully observed at the sacrifices. A service for the consecration of the animal is, sometimes, conducted before it is killed. It may consist of rubbing incense over the back of the beast as it stands in the cattle kraal and at the same time calling upon the spirits of the ancestors to be present. Many cruel practices are found among the tribes in South Africa when slaughtering animals for the sacrifice. In one tribe it is customary for the priest to cut a gash in the side of the ox, thrust a hand inside the cut and pull out as much fat as can be grasped, and then burn this on a fire placed before the hut of the sick man. The motive in doing this seems to be the desire to make the victim summon the spirits to the place of its cries.

A Zulu in describing the sacrifice for causing the idhlozi of a relative to come back to its home, reveals this belief: "The doctor comes and mixes 'ubulawo' (a black medicine) and a goat is killed, the goat being an animal which cries and makes a great noise; but a sheep they do not kill, because it is said it will cause the idhlozi to be dark; for a sheep is foolish and makes no noise, and therefore it is not usual to sacrifice a sheep to the idhlozi. It is a goat they sacrifice to the idhlozi. When a man then pricks it with a needle, it at once makes a great noise; and so they rejoice greatly

The Chief of the Kraal and His Headmen

and say, 'Cry, beast of So-and-So, who did such and such things' (mentioning the things that he did)."[1]

The Zulus thrust a spear into the heart of the ox when it is to be sacrificed. After the animal has been skinned and opened, it is ready to be consumed by the spirits and the living relatives. Though the spirits to whom the sacrifice is made visibly do not eat the meat, still they are thought to be present when the meat is eaten. Sometimes it happens that the meat is put outside the hut during the night so that the spirits may come and eat after the people have gone away. Should a younger member of the family remark that the meat was untouched, the elders will immediately reply that the spirits have licked it and had their fill.

The prayer offered by the chief of a village just before the sacrifice is slaughtered shows the attitude of the Zulus towards the spirits. Standing in the cattle pen with the spear in his hand, the chief addresses the amadhlozi after this manner: "There then is your food. All ye spirits of our tribe, summon one another. I am not going to say, So-and-so, there is your food, for you are jealous. But thou, So-and-so, who art making this man ill, call all the spirits, come all of you to eat the food. If it is you, I shall see by the recovery of this man whom it is said that you have made ill. Let the man become well! Come together, all of you of such-and-such people, who did so-and-so."[2]

After the meat has been consecrated, each part of it is sacred. In the dividing of the carcass, tribal custom prevails. The gall appears to be the most important part of the animal and it is used in various ways.

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[1]Willoughby, "The Soul of the Bantu," page 344.
[2]Callaway, "The Religious System of the Amazulu," pages 171-172.

At a Basuto marriage ceremony, the gall from the sacrificial ox was sprinkled over the bride and bridegroom as a blessing. When an Umsuto was troubled with dreams, both he and his father's grave were sprinkled with gall. At the feast of the first fruits the Zulu king drank some of the gall of an ox which had been mixed with certain herbs. Gall from the ox sacrificed for a sick person was poured upon his body; for it was thought that the spirits would come and lick it and make him well. Then bits of the cawl and some blood of the ox were burnt in the room of the sick man as a sweet savor to the spirits and to gain their good-will.

Diviners or Witch Doctors

The ancestors cannot always express themselves fully through dreams or calamities, and so the person who wishes to know the will of the spirits resorts to the diviners. Various names are given to these men. The common names for them are "izanusi, izinyanga, and abangoma." They have a powerful influence upon the superstitious ideas of the Zulus.

One day while traveling down to the Tugela river together with Rev. Johs. Astrup, we met a powerful "isanusi." He was covered with charms of goat horns, feathers, bones and snake skins. In his hair was a whole collection of bladders of birds and wild beasts. His clothing gave him a most hideous appearance.

Later we met this same man with a witch. She had her face covered with red earth and she wore a necklace of ugly charms. The witch doctor was carrying a long green snake on a stick. Astrup asked the "isanusi" about the purpose of the snake.

A Witch Doctor and a Witch with a Snake for a Heathen Service

"We plan to have a special ceremony with the help of this green mamba," he replied.

"Is this woman your wife?" was the next question.

"No," said he, "My wife is sick."

One of the first marks of a budding diviner are failing health, loss of appetite, a wandering look about the eyes and a strong tendency to frightful night dreams. The future isanusi starts up during the night with terrible cries, moans and groans. The next morning he relates his experiences to the master diviner who tells him that he is being inspired by the amadhlozi. They are calling him to be their representative. He passes through trance after trance and is soon possessed with a certain madness. When the elder diviners see this, they cause him to offer certain sacrifices to the amadhlozi, and finally accept him into

their craft. The many gall-bladders worn in the hair of a young diviner indicate the number of goats killed at the sacrifice which ushered in his powers of divination.

Now the isanusi has become a power in his community and assumes sacerdotal functions in the various tribal ceremonies. In the sacrifices he usually has a large part. His main business is to find out what the ancestral spirits have in mind when they send trouble upon the family. By means of a collection of "bones" and by falling into a trance, he gets in touch with them and they tell him why they are sending trouble and what the people are to do about it. To all outward appearances the random throwing of the "bones" seems to be but the work of chance. But when the Zulu is questioned about the ceremony he sees no chance in it. He believes that the diviner arrives at his conclusions by definite rules which he has received from the amadhlozi themselves.

Illness is reported to the chief of the village as soon as it breaks out. Then the chief sends messengers to the chief isanusi in his district. The messengers deliver a certain greeting used only on such occasions. They do not tell him who is ill nor the nature of the malady. It is his business to discover the trouble by means of divination.

The isanusi is not at a loss as to methods of divining. Instead of "bones" he may resort to smiting on the ground by means of sticks of wood wielded by the questioners. First he yawns, eats some snuff and tells the messengers or those present to go to the woods and cut off sticks of wood for smiting the ground. Next he puts his ear to the ground and listens to the voices of the spirits. Thereupon he starts a game of

questions. He makes a series of guesses about the problem which is puzzling his inquirers. Should his guess come somewhat near the correct answer, they beat their sticks upon the ground violently. But should he be far from the right clue, they answer by beating softly with the sticks. By keeping on with a series of questions, the wily diviner cleverly gleans the correct information without the unsuspecting inquirers knowing that they have told him anything. Then he tells them that the spirits of the ancestors have spoken to him through the ground.

Smelling Out

The isanusi proceeds to deal with the cause of the disease of the person for whom they seek help. The amadhlozi inform him whether or not an evil spirit is the source of the trouble, or if a mortal enemy has bewitched the sufferer. In the first case, charms or a sacrifice may be prescribed as a cure, but in the latter, the one who has practised the black art must be discovered. The isanusi will do this by "smelling" him out.

He begins the ceremony by describing the characteristics of the person whom he suspects. It is not hard for him to do this because he is acquainted with all the gossip and suspicion. He knows every human being in the vicinity with all their good and bad points and all their physical and spiritual defects. So he proceeds to suggest: he is a thin man, or he is a stout man; she is a tall woman or she is a short woman; he is an old man with a crushed leg, or a young man with a scar on his chin. When the messengers notice that the isanusi aims at some individual whom they and others already suspect, they cry out boldly and

Two Christians. The Woman on the Left Was Formerly a Sorceress

loudly, "Yiswa." Thus the identity of the criminal is determined, the witch or wizard has been discovered, and the spirits have spoken. If on the other hand, the characteristics named by the doctor do not fit the suspected person, the "Yiswa" becomes very low. Then the diviner realizes that he is on the wrong track and tries again. Finally he finds the person who is judged by public opinion and that is all that matters to him.

The isanusi does not go into a trance, jump about as if he were possessed and speak to the spirits without remuneration. Before the ceremony is over he has by hints and crafty suggestions expressed just what he expects from his clients as a reward for his services. A fat ox is usually the fee and sometimes they add a bag of corn. When the people do not reward him as he desires, he will say, "Give me something with which to wipe my eyes." This means that he needs much more to clear up the account.

On one occasion, the king of the Zulus, decided to test out his diviners and see if they had the powers they were supposed to possess. It took considerable courage on his part to do this, but he was as fearless as he was wicked. During the night he sprinkled the blood of an ox about the royal kraal. The next day he called his izanusi together and asked them to smell out who had so disgraced his kraal and was bewitching it with blood. His diviners went about, each after his own fashion. One smelled out a certain person, another decided on some one else. Only one diviner said, "I smell out the heavens," which meant the king. Because of that Tshaka spared his life, but put to death the rest of his royal diviners.

In the early days and even now, the missionaries frequently hear of people who have been "smelled out"

by the izanusi, tortured to death, their families killed and all their possessions destroyed. Schreuder found an old woman at Entumeni who had been pushed over a precipice after having been struck by heavy clubs. Her executioners thought that she would not be able to move again. She did, however, succeed in crawling away and back to her friends. Her husband had been accused of witchcraft and cruelly killed.

It is not surprising that unpopular people are pointed out as workers of witchcraft. Persons who had been unfriendly with the sick one had reasons for being afraid of being "smelled out." But at times innocent and kindly disposed people lost life and possessions through this terrible system because their evil neighbors coveted their property.

Should the individual be of high rank or of considerable influence, it was possible to appeal to the king's court or to the sovereign himself. Many saved themselves in this way because the dictates of the spirits always harmonized with the personal wishes of the king. An ordinary subject could not appeal to the king, so he was killed without any more ceremony. Sometimes the victim heard about his sentence before he was caught. In earlier days he would attempt to escape to the south into Natal, which was an English colony. The Zulus wondered how people could live in that land where there were so many workers of witchcraft.

The Christian Zulus are in a serious plight when illness strikes them or someone else in their family. It is difficult to secure a doctor of civilized training because of lack of means, and if they seek the native medicine men, they are drawn back into heathendom. Thousands of natives come to our mission stations

every year and are given medical attention by the missionaries. The medical work has always been a blessed part of our work on the foreign field.

Belief in Charms and Medicines

Besides putting their trust in the "amadhlozi," the Zulus have other sources of help in time of need. These are the charms which they wear about their person or hang up in their homes. A charm of the right kind and prepared by the right medicine man is able to control flashes of lightning and the fall of rain. These charms are made of goats' horns filled with bird's hearts, feathers of certain birds, pieces of roots, human hair, the teeth of wild animals, the skins and skulls of snakes, and a whole collection of odd articles, and even parts of the human body. The heathen will pay a high price to the medicine men for a certain charm. Sometimes an ox is necessary to buy a charm.

Certain medicine brewed by the medicine men and drunk by the sick person acts as a charm. Often the multitude of drugs poured down the throat of the sick person destroys the life which the medicine man is trying to save. Gall taken from an ox while it is still alive and mixed with other medicines, was sipped by the Zulu king at the "great king's feast" to make him strong and well.

The most powerful medicines were made from the vital organs of the human body. A certain class of people called "izinswelaboya" made it their profession to waylay travelers and murder them in order to obtain portions of their bodies which could be used to make powerful medicines. Since the English have taken possession of Zululand it has become difficult

for these specialists to obtain human hearts and gall bladders.

The Bantu race as a whole has made little use of idols or images in their system of worship. The Zulus are not idol-worshippers. The carved charms may give the impression that they represent gods. But they do not in any way refer to Unkulunkulu. The worship of their ancestral spirits with the aid of witch doctors or diviners and the wearing of charms, appear to be the chief features of their religious system.

Rain Makers

In early days the country was full of rain makers. These men would appear at a time when the corn began to wilt. They would agree for so many head of oxen to make rain come down from the sky. As long as rain fell within a reasonable time, all went well and these men acquired great honor and large herds of cattle. But if they failed, they would soon be in dire distress, and they would need all their ingenuity to get out of the situation. They would be driven out of the country and even killed.

Nomkubulwane

An interesting belief in a mysterious maiden (Inkosazana) is found among the Zulus. She is called Nomkubulwane. Some claim that she is a virgin; others say she is a mother with a child. Their knowledge of her is somewhat confused. The Zulus say that she descends occasionally in the thick fog and appears before the women to whom she gives her commands. She never appears in clear weather. The women fear her greatly and do not like to speak much about her. Sometimes she asks for milk for her child. When she

has received the milk she gives a part of it to her own child and then gives the remainder to the woman to give to her child. Should this woman pour the milk away and not use it, her whole family will die. The women have many customs which they claim they have received from this maiden.

On a certain day, once a year, the Zulu girls dress in boys' clothing and do the work of the boys herding cattle. Another day they go out in the cornfields, and sing songs of woe. They tear off ears of corn and breaking off small pieces, scatter them about as a gift for the Inkosazana.

There is no connection between their belief in Unkulunkulu or the ancestral spirits and their belief in the Inkosazana. Some question the fact that the Inkosazana is of African origin at all. The early attempts of the Catholics to christianize the natives on the African coasts and to teach about the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child may have resulted in this belief in the Inkosazana. The early mission attempts of the Catholics were failures, but the picture of the Virgin Mary may have remained in the minds of the people and been clothed in this native form.[3]

Burial of the Dead

At the death of an aged person, there is little weeping and signs of grief. Such a person is old and useless and has merely "gone home." Missionaries even report that in early days it was the common practice to drag old people to some secluded place in the woods and there let them die alone from starvation and neg-

[3]Stavem, O., "Et Bantufolk og Kristendommen," pages 61-62.

lect. Their corpses became the prey of wild beasts and vultures.

But when a young person dies, the funeral services are entirely different. The relatives immediately proceed to the house of mourning and vent their sorrow by moaning and wailing all night long. All neighbors must visit the home of the deceased as soon as possible after they have heard about the death. To fail to do so would cause some one to accuse them of having worked witchcraft and thus brought about the death of their neighbor or relative. Later they would be "smelled out" by the isanusi and would have to pay the penalty. The Zulus always consider that the death of the young and able-bodied has been caused by some outside sinister influence which has been worked upon them through witchcraft.

Several methods of burying the dead are practiced by the Zulus. Favorite places for burial are in the forest or in some quiet location away from human habitation. Hut burial is sometimes seen. A chief or the head of a kraal may be buried in the center of his cattle pen. A hole is dug in the ground and the person is buried in a sitting posture. Into the grave are thrown the ornaments, blankets and spoons or other utensils used by the deceased while he was alive. When the grave has been filled in, a large mound of stones is placed on top to protect it from animals. The grass is not burned around the grave lest it drive away snakes, one of which might become the abode of the spirit.

After the ceremony, all of the men who have had any part in the funeral or who may have touched the body, hasten to the river to wash. The Zulus believe that they become unclean by touching the corpse and

have a horror of anything connected with death. It often happens after the head of a kraal has died that the remaining members decide to move the whole kraal to another place. Rev. J. Astrup showed me several abandoned kraals during our trip from Untunjambili to Entumeni.

At the funeral of a king, the grave is covered with a heap of stones. The national dirge, used only at a royal burial, is chanted. The warriors line up about the grave and strike their shields and knobkerries together with much force. The grave is closely guarded for months afterward to prevent anyone from stealing the body and using it to make charms.

"The king must not go to the place of the dead alone," said the Zulus to an early missionary. Describing this event Josiah Tyler, a missionary, said, "It has been the custom in Zululand, when a king dies, to bury with him some of his servants, cupbearers, milkmen or other attendants. The unfortunate individuals were generally strangled, and their bodies placed at the bottom of the grave, the royal corpse being laid upon them. It is reported that some have entered the grave alive and died with perfect submission. One would think that those suspecting their probable fate would try to escape, but I have been told that this is not the case. A kind of fatalism takes possession of them, which is characteristic of the Zulus."[4]

The purpose of this cruel custom is to supply the dead king with servants who will tend to his needs in the spirit world. Among the Bantu along the Congo river, it used to be the practice of the king to send a messenger to the spirit world every day who should

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[4]Tyler, J., "Forty Years Among the Zulus," pages 208-209.

explain to his ancestors the needs of his people and who would ask for their help. This messenger was compelled to memorize the message. Then his head was cut off and his spirit was in this manner instantly dispatched to the ancestral world. One time it happened that the king forgot to tell the messenger about a very important matter. So he dispatched another messenger a few hours later to the place of the ancestral spirits with the postscript.

Feast of the First Fruits

As long as the kings ruled Zululand, the "feast of the first fruits" was celebrated every year. This was held the first part of November and was called "Umnyatelo" or "Umkosi omncane," the king's small feast. Along the coast ripe ears of corn could be found, but these must not be eaten until the king had first tasted of the new harvest. Punishment by death was meted out to the one who ate even a kernel of corn before the king had tasted it. Even if there were a famine in the land, all must refrain from eating until after this feast.[5]

The Kings Great Feast

Another festival, "Umkosi omkulu," the king's great feast, was celebrated when the sun was at its highest. The king's heralds went about and called all the people to be present at the festival. Woe to the one who did not attend. Death would be the penalty. The sick who could not walk were compelled to be present, even if they had to crawl on their hands and knees to the place of the ceremony.

Vast multitudes gathered on the plains at Mahlaba-

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[5]Stavem, "Et Bantufolk og Kristendommen," page 67.

tini near the king's kraal. The men came in full war regalia. The "udibi," or large groups of boys whose business it was to carry the blankets and stools which the warriors used as pillows, followed in the rear of the column.

There was military practice. Regiments of several thousand men clashed with shields and sticks. The use of spears was forbidden, but occasionally some spears were concealed behind the shields and were used during the struggle. The regiments of young men used this opportunity to call out to the king, "Give us war, give us war, we wish to marry." For it was an ancient custom that no Zulu warrior could marry until he had performed some feat of valor.

The missionary at Mahlabatini, P. W. Wettergren, who had occasion to observe these feasts, has told the following: "The large circular plain in the middle of the court was empty excepting a few calves and a black bull which was to be burned, that being the main event of this festival. After a while a regiment of small boys appeared, all carrying green branches. At a distance this looked like a walking forest. These branches were used to prepare an arbor for the festival. Another regiment brought wood for the fire on which the bull was to be burned. Then there followed regiments from the other kraals of the king. These took their places in the court.

"The regiments began to dance, each taking turns. When the sun was about to set, a gun was fired. That was the signal for the appearance of the large regiment of the prince. They were to kill the bull for the sacrifice. The animal was driven into the corral. When it reached the enclosure, it had already been struck so that it limped badly. It was not slaughtered in the

usual way, but chopped with a dull ax fastened to a long handle until it fell to the ground. Then they began to skin the animal although it was only about half-dead. When the bull finally was dead, it was cut into small pieces, and these were thrown on the fire together with the wood so that all was burned to ashes.

"The first time I was told of this custom, of the burning of a bull at every festival of the king, I supposed it to be a sacrifice to the 'amadhlozi,' but according to more recent information I find that this is done to 'misa inkosi' (uphold the king). A few pieces of the bull were mixed with other medicines, which were then drunk by the sovereign at this festival in order to make him strong to vanquish other peoples."

Another missionary in Zululand, Rev. O. Stavem, thought that this festival of the king was originally a festival to the sun. The sacrifice was brought to the ancestral spirits as other offerings of the land. The fact that it was held at the time of the summer solstice led him to this theory. He also believed that many have confused this festival with the harvest festival of the first fruits.[6]

Only a glimpse of the darkness of heathenism in Zululand has been shown. But it will reveal the fallacy of the oft quoted statement, "The heathen people are happy just as they are living; leave them alone." Our hearts are filled with compassion for our dark brothers and sisters as we see them sinking in the mire of ancestral worship and fetishism, groping about on their way in the black night of hopelessness without any direction, and trying to satisfy the cravings of their souls.

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[6]Stavem, "Et Bantufolk og Kristendommen," pages 67-70.

CHAPTER 3

Zulu Kings and Their Realm

JOJO and his companions were well versed in the history of their kings. They had no books, but their elders were excellent story-tellers. Many evenings when the men had milked the cows, the people of the kraal would take their mats and seat themselves outside of their huts. The corn had been cooked in a large kettle and was dished up on small grass mats which served as dishes. By eating a couple of kernels at a time, one could speak while eating, thus combining pleasure with utility.

When the moon was full and beaming on the kraal, the sinister spirits remained well back in the shadows. There was a feeling of security in the dazzling white of the moonlight. Caressed by the soft mellow breeze of the tropical evening, the children would dance and play, but when the old men became reminiscent of former days, the younger generation became silent and crept near to listen.

Especially were the stories of the great kings and their bloody wars with other tribes, their favorites. These old warriors had fought in Tshaka's army. Tshaka was the son of Senzangakona, son of Jama, son of Ndaba, son of Punga, son of Mageba, son of Zulu. Zulu separated from the Mantungwa and thus became the father of all Zulus. Whence came the Mantungwa? "Down from the land to the north," said they. "For from thence came all 'abantu' (people)."

Opposite Page—Zulu Warrior

The Bantu Race

The territory between north central Africa and the Cape of Good Hope is occupied by the great Bantu race. This race is the largest of the African groups and numbers over sixty millions. They have about one hundred and sixty languages and dialects, but these are strikingly alike in many respects and indicate a common ancestry. The Bantu are not negroes, although lips and noses betray a negro strain. Their color varies from a reddish copper color to a jet black. The prevailing color is a rich dark brown. The Zulus belong to the Bantu race. The average Zulu is tall, and his muscular, well proportioned athletic body is a master-piece in bronze, which only the great Creator could have achieved.

The Bantu were not the original inhabitants of South Africa. All the traditions point to the fact that they came from somewhere in the northern part of the continent. The theory has been advanced that from the regions of the Nile or the Red Sea, a half Semitic or half Caucasian tribe emigrated southward; and that these people many years ago began to conquer the negroes. Gradually the visitors mixed with the original dwellers of these territories, and the result was the Bantu people.[1]

The Bantu found several races in South Africa who were the original inhabitants of the land. They were the "khoi-khoi" (Hottentots) and the "wak-wak" (Bushmen). The Bushmen were a race of hunters, copper-colored little men, about three and one-half to five feet in height. The Hottentots were of yellow

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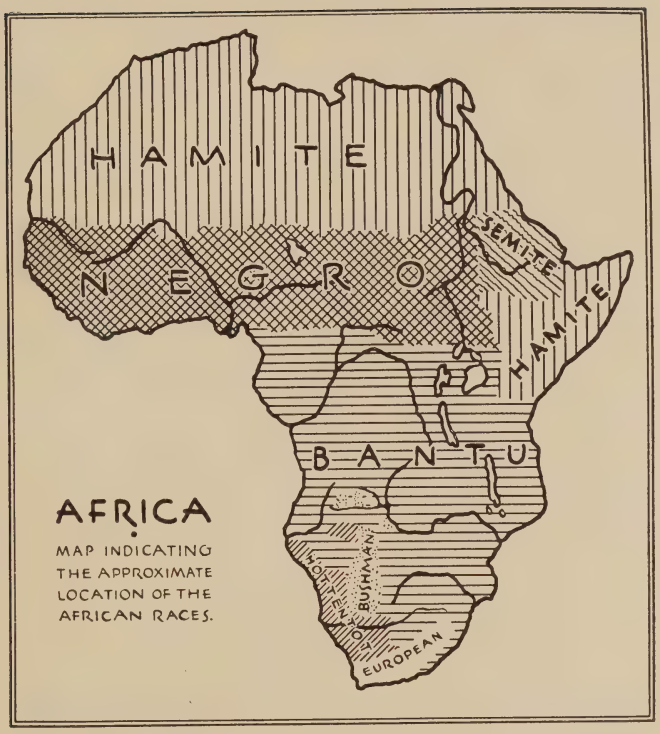
[1]Johnson, H. H., "History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races," pages 3-4.



AFRICA

MAP INDICATING THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE AFRICAN RACES.

complexion, with small lean ungainly figures, slant eyes and receding chins. They were nature-worshippers. The Bushmen had an artistic bent and painted pictures on the walls of their mountain cave homes. Scattered widely throughout South Africa, they left these records of their existence engraved on rocks or the walls of caves. The Bantu made no records such as these. Driven from place to place by the Bantu, the Hottentots and Bushmen sought refuge in the Kalahari desert in the southern end of their former country.

When the white people first came in contact with the South Africans, about the fifteenth century, it was the Bantu they met. At that time there existed a Bantu realm between the Zambesi and the Limpopo rivers, north of the present Zululand. The rulers of this kingdom were called Monomatapa, which one scholar of Bantu dialects explains to mean, "The Lord of the Matapo." Monomatapa ruled over the territories where the Zimbabwe ruins are found. Some believe that Monomatapa and his subjects, the Makalanga (Karanga) were descendants of the clan or clans which earlier had chased the Arabs or other Semitics away from the gold mines about the Zimbabwe ruins.

On our trip through Rhodesia with Rev. Johs. Astrup a few years ago, we visited these ruins. Though many theories as to their origin have been advanced by explorers and scholars, the mystery surrounding them remains unsolved. The Zimbabwe ruins were first discovered by the Boer, Adam Renders, in 1868. The ruins are scattered over a large area.

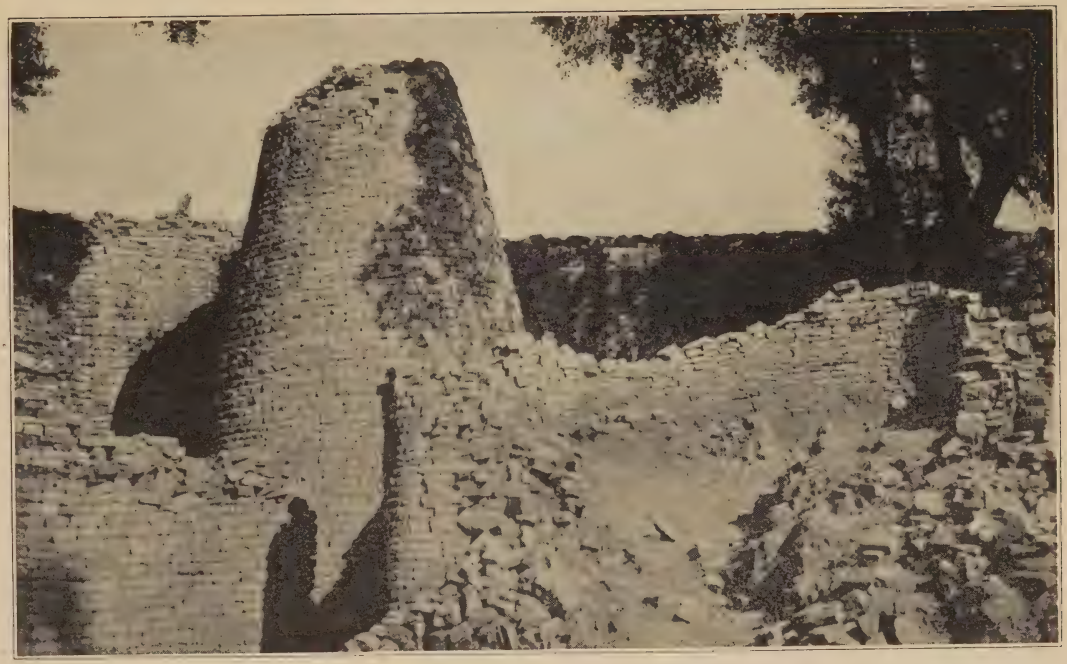
The two principal parts are the Elliptical temple and the Acropolis. The walls of the temple are very thick and built without mortar from granite blocks.

Karanga, Cousins of the Zulus, Attending a Mission School Near the Zimbabwe Ruins

In the Elliptical temple is a cone-shaped tower of blocks about thirty-five feet high. Near it is an altar and many other things which indicate that this ruin was formerly a place of worship. Monoliths with carved birds at the top were embedded on the top of the wall. The Acropolis was a fortress built on a kopje (cone-shaped hill) overlooking the surrounding territory. Gold ornaments, furnaces for smelting gold, and many other remains, point to the fact that this place was used as a center of the activities of the gold seekers.

Who built the Zimbabwe temple and the many fortresses along the way to the ocean? The Bantu did not construct them, for they did not understand the art of building with stone. Their crude huts and implements indicate the height of their artistic development.

In 1 Kings 9:26-28 we find that King Solomon had ships built in Ezion-Geber by the Red Sea. The Phoenician king Hiram sent ships manned by able sailors who had knowledge of the sea. "They came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold" and brought it to King Solomon. Briefly, we hold the theory that these ships arrived at the mouth of the Sabi river on the east coast of Africa. The men wandered inland until they found a region rich with gold. They built small fortresses along their path inland until they decided upon a place where they would settle down. There they built a colony with a fortress on the high hill and a temple for worship at our present Zimbabwe. They dug gold, smelted the ore and sent the gold back to their masters. The colony was finally wiped out either by a pestilence or overthrown by some surrounding African tribe.



The Mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins in South Rhodesia

The people of the Makalanga tribe which we found occupying the territory about the Zimbabwe ruins are of interest to us because of what happened to the Monomatapa subjects. This empire gradually disintegrated until it finally dissolved about 1759, due to internal strife and wars. A part of these people wandered southward until they came to the Natal province and settled south of the Tugela river. Their number increased but they were almost exterminated by Tshaka, king of the Zulus, at the beginning of the nineteenth century and the remainder was absorbed into his tribe.

The Land of the Zulus

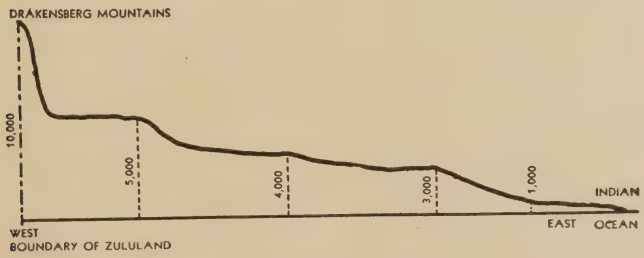
Natal was discovered on Christmas Day 1497 by the great Portuguese Vasco da Gama, during the first successful voyage around the Cape to India, and he named it in honor of the natal day of our Lord (Dies Natalis). Indeed, a more suitable name could not have been found, for Natal is as perennially green as a Christmas tree.

Zululand was formerly the territory north of the Tugela river extending up to Portuguese East Africa and was recognized by the nations as the home and land of the Zulus. In 1887 it was annexed by Great Britain and incorporated with the Natal colony on December 30, 1897. Their combined area is 35,284 square miles or equal to about one-half the area of the state of Minnesota. The population is 1,194,100 of whom approximately 100,000 are white. Since our mission history is so closely connected with the land of the Zulus as such, we shall use the name "Zululand" to designate this territory and not the present name Natal.

Fortified by the immense cliffs and rocks of the Drakensberg foothills, in the heart of Zululand, lay the royal kraal of King Dingana. On a sunny slope not far away, nestled the family settlement or kraal of Jojo's people.

To Jojo the Drakensberg (or Dragon) mountains were great Zulu kings. Their physiognomy surveyed his whole land from where their lofty heads communed with the clouds, to the Indian ocean which washed and cooled the alluvial strand of the east coast. The whence and when of the great mountains had never disturbed the minds of the Zulus. The vast bulwark of the west was there when their early ancestors were alive. Even to this day these Dragon mountains keep watch between the Orange Free State and Transvaal on the west and north and Zululand to the east.

On the summit of these rocky peaks, there is little life save the screaming vultures wheeling aloft. Below to the east, spreads a panorama of mountains, chasms, and green verdure. The expanse is broken by three mighty terraces descending to the sea. These steppes are not laid out with regularity, however. In descending them, one can not make out the facts of their general plan by the glance of the eye. It must be de-



Cross Section of Zululand Showing Elevations

duced from a series of isolated positions and reflections. The terraces have been heaved this way and that by the forces of nature and have lost their definite outlines.

Each terrace or tier of tableland has its peculiar characteristics. The upper has an elevation of from three to four thousand feet above the sea level. It stretches fifty to a hundred miles eastward from the zigzag range of the Drakensberg mountains which tower about 10,000 feet above the coast. These mountains are boldly sloped and buttressed at the base, then beautifully built up in pillars and walls of bare rock, with a perpendicular face of several hundred feet. They are tabular rather than conical in shape and when viewed from the lower levels they rise, table above table, as they recede in the distance.

Below the upper terrace, we find the central or midland tableland, about twenty miles in width. It is a region of broad undulating fields of much fertility. Yellow wood and iron wood trees skirt the valleys and raise their heads above the dense undergrowth below. The open spaces are dotted by flat-topped bushes of the thorny mimosa. There is a luxurious although coarse grass which is food for large herds of cattle. This sometimes attains to the height of a man. In the early spring this pasture is a bright green and is variegated by the white and gaily colored blossoms of the orchids, aloes, and euphorbia plants. In the fall of the year the landscape becomes a russet brown. Villages nestle on the hillsides beside patches of mealies (corn) and pumpkins; ducks and other water fowl wade along the streams.

Beneath the central terrace, there is another tier of some ten to fifteen miles in width and this bordered

The Towering Cliffs of the Drakensberg Mountains, 10,000 Feet High

by the coast country, a ribbon of alluvial soil. On these lower levels grows a tropical abundance of green in fern, palm, bamboo, wild banana trees, and mangroves intertwined with myriads of vines. The monkeys chatter in the tree-tops and pelicans fish in the estuaries. Tea, coffee and sugar plantations interspersed with

Beautiful Mountains about Untunjambili

cornfields of the present day have somewhat changed the original appearance of the coastal plain.

The terraces are broken into clefts or kloofs. Through hundreds of years water has worked into the lighter strata creating crevices which separate ridge from ridge and hill from hill. Thus the river beds have furrowed their way through the ledges and over the eastern plains. Because of this Natal has been called "the land of a thousand valleys."

In the rainy season, during the summer months, clouds come floating over the Indian ocean and as they pass over the heights of Zululand, they drop their moisture on the country below, filling the brooks which rush hither and thither down the hillsides. The Drakensberg table tops are often snow-covered during the winter months, from June to August. But as the rays of the sun grow hotter and hotter, the old hoary mountains begin to warm up. "Who can withstand such warmth?" they ask as they proceed to take off their snowy shrouds. The water runs in torrents down their rugged sides.

So the Black and White Umfolozi rivers of the north, and the Umhlatuzi of the center, are fed by innumerable streams of the foothills. The Tugela of the south has its source in the high altitudes of the Drakensberg mountains. While yet tiny streams they swirl eastward over precipitous falls, through dim glades and down hills where the bottlebrush flashes scarlet and the protea tree displays its extravagant bloom. With increased volume their seething currents surge through or over a thousand obstacles in the lower foothills, over terraces of kopjes and velds to the whitewashed strand of the Indian Ocean.

In the north the Black and White Umfolozi come together a few miles south of Hlabisa and thence the river runs east to the sea. The Umhlatuzi takes first a southerly route, almost to Entumeni, then swerves northward towards Biyela; thence it turns definitely eastward to empty its waters into the ocean. The Tugela river is the sole boundary between Natal and Zululand. After leaping the foothills, it passes within a few miles of the Kranskop Rock of our Untunjambili station.

Besides these rivers, Zululand has innumerable smaller streams and rivulets of briefer courses. They burst forth from every hill and go sparkling, leaping, purling, each in its own way over the country side. This goodly number of springs and bubbling watercourses is a noticeable feature of Zululand.

All streams, the long and the short, the great and the small, are often suddenly swollen to a fearful height during a great rainfall. In the rainy season, between twenty-five and thirty inches of rain may fall on the coast in three days. Near the sea large rivers rise twenty feet or more. It is noticeable, by contrast, that even the largest of these rivers are low and can ordinarily be forded on horseback in the winter season.

The climate of Zululand is semitropical, its northern boundary being 27 degrees south of the equator. The lowlands of the coastal region are trying because of the summer heat and the prevalence of the malaria mosquito and the tsetse fly. The climate in the uplands is pleasant and invigorating. Instead of speaking about summer and winter, the people say the year is divided into the dry and wet seasons.

The thunderstorms of Zululand are violent. They begin in the west and come on with swelling power, louder and louder, until one fresh peal breaking upon its forerunner makes a continuous roar lasting for half an hour. Ever and anon brilliant lightning traverses the blackness of the heavens and sets them all aglow. It is a magnificent but fearful sight.

The superstitious heathen tremble at the violent outbursts of rage by "the man up in the heavens" and try, in their ignorance and fear to appease him or to divert the danger. Thus they often place an earthen vessel filled with hot coals, glowing herbs and roots

A Mile of Falling Water, Victoria Falls in South Rhodesia

in the low open doorway to act as a shield. Clusters of charms are suspended from the top of the passageway with the same purpose. A spear stuck in the ground near the cattle fold will prevent the "arm which holds the fiery darts in his hand" from being stretched out against their cattle.

The Rise of the Zulu Nation

At the close of the eighteenth century, the country which was formerly called Zululand was divided among a large number of small clans, each having its own king. One of these clans called "Abaselangeni" (sun-dwellers) occupied a strip of land along the Umhlatuzi river. Some hold that these Abaselangeni are related to the Makalanga (children of the sun) from the Monomatapa empire, perhaps one of the clans which moved southward when the empire went to pieces.

Along the Umfolosi river in the northern part of the country dwelt a little clan called the "Zulu." Their king's name was Senzangakona. One of his sons, named Tshaka (Chaka), born about the year 1787, was headstrong and while still a young fellow, provoked his father to wrath so that he tried to kill him. Tshaka's mother, who was a member of the "Langeni" clan, helped her son escape from home to the kraal of Dingiswayo, a neighboring king.

Dingiswayo had also fled from his home when he was a boy. He had traveled south to Cape Colony where he learned many wonderful things. He was especially impressed by the military system of the whites and realized that the undisciplined native hordes could never hold their own against them. Meanwhile Dingiswayo's father died and he returned home to rule, riding on a

horse. Such an animal had never been seen in that country and it caused a great sensation. By using more efficient ways of fighting he soon conquered many of the neighboring clans and added them to his own.

Tshaka came to Dingiswayo, was received into his army and rose in rank until he became the king's chief induna (prime minister). When Dingiswayo died, his followers, the Mtetwa clan, decided to join themselves with Tshaka, the latter having become king of the Zulus after the death of his father. Thus Tshaka's position was greatly strengthened by the addition of Dingiswayo's kingdom. The Zulu clan now became a great power in the land.

Tshaka was more than six feet tall, lithe and muscular. He had a wild and stubborn look in his large black eyes. Bishop H. P. S. Schreuder called him "a really great man, cruel and unscrupulous but with many great qualities." Tshaka was not content to reign peacefully over the Mtetwas and the Zulus; he would conquer the other kings in the land and form a mighty kingdom of his own.

In working out his ambitious scheme to become the Napoleon of all Zululand, he made some remarkable reforms in the art of barbarian warfare which he had learned from Dingiswayo. He formed military camps, or kraals, in which the regiments were isolated and arranged according to their age—men of 35-40 years in one regiment, those of 40-45 in another, and so on. He introduced a large shield and a short stabbing spear. These were used in close personal combat when his outspread crescent formation had closed its deadly horns about the enemy. Each regiment was distinguished from the others by the color and pattern of its great ox-hide shields.

Spartan measures prevailed. The warrior who returned from the fight without spear and shield in his hand, or who bore the mark of a wound in his back, forfeited his life. Moreover, he organized not only his men but his maidens. His warriors were forbidden to marry, as domestic ties were thought to soften and enervate. But after a certain period of service old soldiers were superannuated as veterans and married off by regiments. Because one girl regiment defied the military marriage system it was promptly massacred. New levies of soldiers were raised to take the places of the married in the ranks. Thus the Zulus became all-conquering, and the king, the bold "Tshaka the Terrible." At the time of his death, Tshaka had a standing army of thirty-six regiments.

Extremely fearful was the appearance of his army in battle. The earth trembled with the beat of the soldiers' strong bare feet. Feathers and strips of skin, and many tails of wild animals dashed about to the movements of their bare brown limbs. Spears flashed and they struck their shields while they rushed forth, keeping time to the wild war songs. They worked themselves into an ecstasy of blind fury which knew no fear. Ahead waited the enemy's spear, behind a disgraceful death, if they returned without victory. They could but go on and kill, kill, always kill, over corpses of friend and foe, over heaps of fallen.

It was not enough to destroy the foe in battle, his home and family must be wiped off the earth. Where, formerly peace and happiness reigned, there remained only smoking piles where huts had stood, empty corrals, and bloody corpses. Tshaka's spear was neither daunted by the white hair of the elders nor the innocent smiles of babes. Only the strongest youths and

most beautiful maidens were spared in order that they be entered in the Zulu tribe.

During Tshaka's reign, of nineteen years, he extended his kingdom over large areas, and swept away no less than three hundred clans, slaying all who would not submit to his authority. In Natal, where formerly numerous kraals bordered the cheerful rivers and nestled on sunny hillsides, Tshaka destroyed the people so completely that nine years after the king's death a man could ride from the Drakensberg mountains on the west to the Bay of Natal on the east, a distance of about 150 miles, without meeting a human being. The coast tribes from Umzimvubu to Delagoa Bay were conquered by Tshaka and compelled to learn the Zulu tongue.

Those were terrible days. No one dared approach the sable monarch except by crawling on the earth. He never placed a woman at his side as the rightful queen, although he had about two hundred women in several harems. He was so jealous of his position that he ordered all his children killed at birth. At one time his mother tried to save one of his children, and when the king learned of this, he stabbed her to the heart and then called on the nation to mourn her death. He ordered twelve young girls buried alive with her, and hundreds of people were killed because they did not weep enough over the king's great sorrow. The earth must not be tilled for a year, and any child that dared to enter this world before the year expired was destroyed.

Although Tshaka was so jealous of his position, he did not appear to have thought of the ever present danger to his kingdom in his brothers. Two of these, Dingana and Umhlangana, caused him to be killed,

but his corpse was left unburied until evening. When the murderers saw that the dogs had not touched it, they were seized by a superstitious fear and hastened to bury him in an open corn pit near the present Stanger. The place of his grave was given the same name as his royal kraal, Kwadukusa, (the place which inspires terror).

On the death of Tshaka, one of his brothers and murderers, Dingana (Dingaan) ascended the throne. He was more like Nero, even more wily and cruel than his predecessor. A traveler relates that in a time of peace, fourteen persons were executed in one week in Dingana's kraal, another saw there the abused corpses of eleven of the king's wives who had caused their lord's displeasure. Like Tshaka, Dingana ordered all his children killed at birth.

During Dingana's reign two new elements entered Zululand, the Boers, and the first Christian missionaries.

The Boer Trek Into Zululand

A Dutch colony was established in South Africa, near Capetown, in the year 1652. In 1688 a large number of French Huguenots came to the Cape, refugees from the terrible religious persecutions in France during that period. After a time these Huguenots became mixed with the Dutch, or, as they were later called, "Boers."

These Boers were farmers and possessed immense herds of cattle. For servants, especially herdsboys, they pressed natives into service and treated them as slaves. The population of Cape Colony increased and the large meadows necessary for the herds decreased. In 1806 the Cape became an English possession, and

in 1834 the new government passed a law prohibiting the trade in slaves and the employment of them. Thus the Boers were deprived of their army of herdsboys and other help necessary in caring for their great possessions. In discontent many decided to move farther into the wilderness out of reach of the law. From the height of the Drakensberg Mountains they looked east towards the Indian Ocean and saw large meadows and cool springs in abundance, a paradise for their cattle.

They sent a representative, Pieter Retief, to Dingana in Zululand to seek permission to move into Natal, that province laid waste of human beings by Tshaka. After much waiting and many negotiations, the king said they might come if they would raid a neighboring tribe for them. To this they agreed. An army of Boers attacked the obnoxious neighbor, stripped him of seven hundred cattle formerly stolen from Dingana, and presented them to the king.

The matter being thus arranged, the Boer farmers began their trek into Natal. Immense covered wagons, each drawn by eighteen to twenty oxen, bearing families and household equipment, and followed by bellowing herds and shouting boys, moved slowly down the cliffs of the mountain side. They forded rivers, penetrated jungles, until they reached the sunny meadows of Natal—in all about a thousand wagons.

A suspicion arose in the minds of the Boers as to the trustworthiness of Dingana's promise. In order to make a definite treaty, in 1838 seventy Boers, well-armed and mounted, visited the king. They were received with apparent cordiality, and the province of Natal was ceded to them. As they were about to return, the king invited them to take a friendly drink of beer and to witness a war dance which he ordered

for their amusement. They were informed that it would be a grave insult to the king to take their weapons inside the kraal so these were left outside with their servants who held their horses saddled ready for departure.

Not suspecting treachery, they gazed on the weird scene of thousands of savages engaged in the war dance. The king arose suddenly, waved his hands and cried, "Bulalani abatakati" (kill the evildoers). In less than fifteen minutes, every Boer was murdered, and the servants who tended the horses were also slain. The king ordered that Pieter Retief's heart and liver should be brought to him, and they were buried in the road by which the Boers had come, so that all others coming that way might die.

Dingana immediately sent ten thousand of his best warriors across the Tugela river into Natal to destroy the Boer camps. Day had not yet dawned that early Sunday morning before three hundred sixty-five whites and two hundred fifty of their colored servants were murdered. The Zulus appeared so suddenly that many of the Boers believed the shots they heard were fired to greet Retief and his company on their return. The place of this tragedy is still called "Weenen" (weeping). By the hand of Providence, the king was hindered from massacring all the Boers. A young lad who saw the destruction of the camp from a distance, managed to climb upon an unsaddled horse and warn the other camps. There the Boers formed forts from their wagons and were able to hold their ground against the fury of the Zulu warriors, who soon made an attack.

These Boers showed remarkable courage. They would not withdraw from the land, but voted to re-

main and to wreak vengeance upon the Zulus for the murder of their relatives. At first they had to seek refuge on a ship at Durban while Dingana ravaged the country. He remained nine days in Durban alone, and it was said "that he left neither dog nor cat nor chicken alive." The Boers suffered severely that winter. They had no fields and the Zulus had taken their cattle.

Fortunately the Boers in Cape Colony sent some assistance. In December 1838, an army of four hundred sixty men, armed with long rifles and two small cannons made war on Dingana. They moved slowly, and took precautions against being ambushed. Every night they fortified themselves behind their wagons. They sang, prayed and promised the Lord that if He would give them victory they would build a church and set aside a day every year for thanksgiving.

They sent a message of peace to Dingana, but his reply was a large army which attacked the Boers in their wagon fortress near a large river. About three thousand Zulus were killed. The water turned red, and that stream was named Blood River. The Zulus were defeated, the Boers pressed on to Dingana's kraal which they found in ashes. The king had fled. The Boers found the corpses of their relatives, and in the leather purse in Retief's belt was found the document with Dingana's signature giving Natal to the Boers.

The Boers did not forget their promise. At Pietermaritzburg they built a church where they have a thanksgiving service every year on Dingana's Day, December sixteenth.

Dingana had no thought of ceding his land to the Boers. At the same time, his brother Mpande, revolted against him. The Boers joined Mpande, Dingana fled, and was soon killed by other enemies. Mpande was de-

clared king in 1840 by the Boers, who were permitted to keep Natal. Schreuder described Mpande as being a weaker and less able man than Dingana, "but kindly and really grateful, a rare quality among the Zulus. He used to kill sometimes but never unwantonly or continuously."

The Colonization of Natal

The first attempt to colonize the province of Natal was made in 1823. A certain adventurous Englishman, Lieutenant Farewell, and some of his friends from the Cape caused a great sensation when they appeared in King Tshaka's court. One of them, a Mr. Fynn, was at first supposed by the Zulus to be a sea-monster. Tshaka was so impressed by the ability of his guests to kill distant beasts with a "tube of thunder and lightning," that he granted them the province of Natal and the right to trade. The colony existed for but a brief time.

The next Zulu potentate, Dingana, made another Englishman, Captain Allan Gardiner, a grant of the Port Natal territory. The English government occasionally sent officials to retain their claim on Port Natal. When the Boers settled there, a few conflicts arose between the two white powers. There were no clashes of consequence, however, until the Boers began to refuse the Zulu refugees the right to settle in Natal and moved them on to the boundary of Cape Colony. The English made serious objections and also asserted their claim to Natal.

In the following fray between the English and Dutch we find a fascinating story paralleling that of the famous ride of Paul Revere. The Dutch surrounded the English at Durban and cut them off from com-

munication with the outside world. The nearest military post was at Grahamstown, six hundred miles away through the wilderness. But how could the besieged garrison send a message to them? Dick King, a transport rider, said he would try.

One midnight in May 1842, Dick and a Zulu boy, stole from the camp and managed to row across the bay with two horses in tow. Then mounting them, they galloped towards Grahamstown. They penetrated the dense coastal forest and swam seven large rivers infested with crocodiles and hippopotami. They followed trails from kraal to kraal and hunted their food as they progressed. The Zulu boy became exhausted, but King pressed on, covering the final one hundred and sixty miles alone. Entering Grahamstown on the back of a gaunt mud covered animal which did not much resemble a horse, Dick delivered his message from Durban, and fell asleep while the colonel read it. Within a month the English sent a relief force to the besieged fort at Durban and the Boers fell back to Pietermaritzburg.

The Boers had not been able to establish a stable government, in fact, there was more chaos than order at the capital when Natal became an English colony in 1843. A considerable number of Boers decided to accept the new rule, and they continued to live and prosper in Natal. Many, however, who would not submit to the new regime, loaded their wagons again, and continued their trek farther into the wilderness, into Transvaal and Orange Free State, where they might become a law unto themselves.

CHAPTER 4

Life in the Zulu Kraal

IN the distance Jojo's village appeared like all other Zulu kraals, a cluster of brown mushrooms on the flank of a green valley. Nor was there anything unique about his particular home. It resembled in detail a dozen other beehive-like structures in his kraal. They were the huts of the wives of the chief of the village, the induna, and their families. The dwelling of this chief was located at the upper end of the village. It was the largest hut and had a spacious compound.

The boys of the village know exactly how to construct a real Zulu hut, for they often watch the men at this work. First a space of ground is cleared and leveled for the floor. Then the builder takes a strong sharp stick and holding it to the ground, runs around backwards in a circle. The mark thus made is a perfect circle in which he plants long thin saplings stuck very firmly into the earth. These in turn are bent over and tied together to form the skeleton of the hut about six or eight feet high. This riblike frame is then tied together with other flexible canes until it becomes like basket-work.

Meanwhile long grass has been cut and carried home from the hillsides. As soon as the skeleton of the hut has been completed, the task of covering the whole with a thick layer of grass is begun. Using a wooden needle and grass thread, the thatch is sewn securely on the foundation so that it may be weatherproof when the rainy season comes. When the hut has been used a while, cockroaches and other insects

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Opposite page: Two Zulu Maidens at the River

Interior of a Zulu Hut

bring their families and kin to settle in this large friendly roof.

The interior of the Zulu hut is well-kept. The floor presents the appearance of polished ebony. It is the object of much care and pride on the part of the Zulu woman. First the ground is covered with a glutinous kind of earth which has been masticated by innumerable white ants. This is pounded hard with the feet, rubbed with smooth stones, and then smeared with fresh cow dung (ubulongwe). Every day, for weeks, the housewife rubs her floor, adds more ubulongwe and polishes again. To prevent it from becoming too dry and cracking she fills her mouth with water and sends it in a fine spray over the surface. Then she applies polish and rubs some more.

In the center of the floor, is a saucer-like excavation with a six inch rim around it to keep the firebrands and ashes from scattering, the fireplace is the

Grinding Corn for the Evening Meal

true hearth of the home. About it the family chats, smokes, scolds, or dozes. At night the grass mats are taken down from under the roof and spread on the floor. The inhabitants sleep on these and in cold weather they place their feet towards the fire. On this fireplace the women prepare the meals, and into its coals many a wee Zulu child has tumbled on its early adventures about the hut.

The Zulu pantry is located along the walls of the house. There are placed the calabashes or gourds for sour milk, for water or for beer, the earthen and iron pots for cooking, the pumpkins, the sweet potatoes and supplies in general. A small space is usually laid off on one side of the house near the door for calves and other small animals to keep them safe at night from prowling leopards and other ferocious animals.

The entrance to the hut is about two feet high and three feet wide at the base. The inhabitants excepting the children, the dogs, the goats, sheep and calves, must therefore, go in and out on their hands and knees. Each hut has but one door and it faces inward to the enclosure of the cattle-fold which is located in the very center of the kraal. The cattle have the most secure place available, for they are the most treasured possessions of the Zulus. The wealth of the Zulu is measured by the number of his cattle. Daughters are more precious to him than sons because of the number of cattle they will bring to him when they marry. Under the cattle pen the seed corn is stored in a deep pit shaped like an urn and covered with a large flat stone, safe from weevils and other enemies. Interspersed among the dwelling-houses are the granaries of corn for daily food.

Building the Framework of a Zulu Hut

The Kraal

Round about all of these bee-shaped huts, which comprise a kraal, there were in the days of the kings a strong stockade to protect them from wild animals and human foes. Such a defence is now unnecessary, but there is generally a hedge of aloes, cactus, or similar shrubs.

The kings had several kraals each fashioned on the same pattern as the other villages, but on a much larger scale. In Dingana's "capital" there were one thousand seven hundred huts. The royal house greatly surpassed the others in beauty and size. The great dome of the "palace" was supported by twenty-two pillars entirely covered by fancy beads. The roof of the ordinary hut, like Jojo's home, was held up by a single tree from the forest, the branches stripped off, and decorated solely by its own bark.

Their Daily Tasks

In the Zulu kraal each member has his or her work and position, assigned by custom from ages past. The women carry on their heads baskets of grain or large calabashes of water or Kafir beer. Hence they have acquired a very erect figure and much grace of poise. The woman also tills the soil. At the beginning of the rainy season, in the early morning, she puts her hoe on her shoulder, her basket of seeds on her head, and goes out to the field. If she has a small baby she fastens it on her back by means of a goat's skin which she ties around her waist and shoulders.

As the mother chops the soil, and places the seed in deep holes, the black woolly head bobs up and down. In the afternoon the woman returns home to prepare the evening meal of the family. She carries water

from the river in a large hollow gourd. The wood has been freighted home on her head. The corn is ground between two large flat stones, the motor power being furnished by her own strong arms.

When the corn begins to grow the women and children become busy weeding the fields. After the corn ripens, they must keep watch night and day lest monkeys and birds reap the fruit of their labors.

The boys herd the cattle and help the men milk the cows. The process of milking requires an army of boys to hold the cow and its calf. The calf is first permitted to get a taste, then it is pushed aside and held by the boy while the milking is done. If the cow refuses to give her milk, the calf is given another opportunity, and when bossy has been thus consoled, the milking process is continued. The cow is addressed in terms of kindness, admonition, or fury, and the calf is restrained by a dozen arms. Judging by the noise, there should be a large calabash full of milk, but a Zulu cow uses no such measure. A small bowl full is her limit after her calf has been humored.

The men also repair the huts and palisades, and hunt. Formerly warfare was the chief occupation of the Zulu brave, but since the English established peace in their country, those days of valor are past. They make their own shields, spears, knobkerries, pipes, snuff-boxes, sticks, stools for pillows, and they are the family tailors. Best of all, the head of the Zulu kraal loves to bask in the sunshine or by the fireside, to snuff, tell stories, eat, play with the children, scold the dogs, and thus pass his time in blissful contentment. If he is to make a journey, he takes his knobkerrie in hand and wanders off, while his carriers (boys) follow in single file, carrying the izimpahla (baggage).

When the women prepare the Kafir beer, the Zulu rejoices in anticipation of feasts and merrymaking. The corn is water-steeped until it has sprouted, pounded fine, then mixed anew with water to cause the fermentation which produces a mild beer. A man of rank and fortune entertains at many drinking parties. The beer goes around and around, and it is surprising how much the Zulu can drink of his national beverage. Then the singing begins and the dancing. As the sun sinks behind the purple hills the noise increases, to the music of crude instruments, or simply to the clapping of hands and the singing of a monotonous chant. The dance continues far into the night with every possible demoralizing feature, and the unspeakable vices of heathendom.

The Zulu Dress

Much may be said of the accessories of Zulu dress, but the fact remains that excepting a belt of leather strips about his loins, the "umutsha," his national costume is nature's garb. On a cold morning he drapes a blanket or the skin of some wild animal about his shoulders, but, as the tropical sun warms the atmosphere, he sees no need of coat or mantle. A parasol or a pair of green spectacles appeal more to him, and it is not unusual to meet a proud Zulu headman wearing a smile and somebody's discarded top hat!

The Zulu is proud of his dark skin and sees no reason for concealing it. If we ask him his opinion of complexion, he will reply that light does very well for the white man but for him and his people, the most beautiful is just their own black with a brown mixed into it. The greatest compliment a Zulu king could

Bossy Has Many Attendants During Milking Time

receive from his subjects was, "Oh black king! Calf of the black cow!"

The leather girdle they wear is made from oxhide from which is suspended a bunch of tails of monkeys, wild cats, or other animals in front, and at the back a small apron of some wild beast's skin or an oxhide. When the Zulu walks or runs, these tails swing and sway and knock one another in dizzy motion. No matter of what animal the tail is, it becomes mobile when attached to the Zulu "umutsha." Scant as the clothing of the Zulu seems to us, he is nevertheless keen on being "dressed up" and he has standards to which he clings with fastidious care.

He wears beads and charms about his neck, wrists and ankles. Not least in importance is his snuff-box. This may be a small gourd suspended from his belt, or it is made from the narrow end of an ox horn which has been furnished with a lid and stuck in the hole of the ear lobe, this being the Zulu's pocket. A face scraper made from bone and resembling a small paper knife, the handle richly entwined by strings of fancy beads, is stuck into the hair, within easy reach of the owner, who uses it to "wipe" the perspiration from his face.

The elders, and also the warriors of dignity, shave all the upper part of the head except the crown on which they leave a little wool in a circular shape about four inches in diameter. To this is sewn a ring prepared of gum and charcoal. Into this head-dress they thrust needles, long snuff-spoons, and porcupine quills. The men are very proud of this ring as it is a sign of honor and respectability. The Zulu gentleman would not be properly attired without his knobkerrie, which

is a short club about two feet long with a large round head.

The young unmarried men used to let their hair grow long and dressed it in a variety of fancy styles. They rubbed it full of rancid grease, mutton tallow or cocoanut oil and put it up to resemble fancy cakes or little hills. Indeed we could almost see the numerous creatures which we knew grazed in the valleys. Of late years many Zulu youths, cut their hair short. To the native, rancid fats are a fragrant ointment for the body. Perfumes are bought from the traders and are used in large quantities, so it is well that most of the social functions are staged in the great out-of-doors.

The head-dress of the married women looks like a red toque, pulled out to full length at the back of the head. This remarkable effect is accomplished by red clay and fat which are worked into the hair. The naturally permanent waves or kinks are straightened out with a strong wooden comb. The entire forehead is shaved and the lofty topknot is filled with old hair, and more clay, and is decorated with flat bone hairpins or snuff-spoons.

The fancy hair-dress of men and women naturally is a long and serious job which cannot be undertaken very often. They therefore take great care that their coiffure shall not be mussed up or disarranged at night. For this reason their pillows are wooden stools, about five inches high, on which they rest their necks, not their heads. The Zulus claim that the position is not uncomfortable. At any rate their vanity far outweighs their desire for personal comfort.

The Zulu woman need not worry about the change

of fashion, great grandmothers' style is still the vogue of the day. For the married women the chief garment is a skirt of leather so prepared that it will be soft and flexible. It is a durable garment, indeed, for no Zulu woman can possibly wear out more than three of these during her lifetime. Even these replenishments of her wardrobe cause her no worry, for the Zulu men are the tailors and dressmakers. An article of which young wives are very fond is a piece of buckskin tied across the chest and falling down to the knees, the more brass buttons sewn on it the better they like it.

The unmarried girls have their woolly curls fastened in many small knots or balls. Their skirts are made of colored beads. Besides this fancy garment they wear an abundance of ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, bands about arms and legs, earrings, and other decorations made from beadwork, iron or copper wire. The young girls are no exception in their love of such finery. Men and women, young and old, wear these accessories in abundance.

The small children are not hampered by belts or leather clothing in their romps about the Zulu huts. They play and run freely in the glorious sunshine in their birthday suits, their own brown skins.

The Desire for Children

The Zulus are fond of children and they often pray to the spirits to give them additions to the family. In spite of this the new-born baby must sometimes face a cruel death as soon as he enters the world. Heathen customs and blind superstition prove even stronger than parental love. Twins are regarded as a sign of evil influences at work and it often happens that one is killed.

"Father has not seen the new baby yet because its head hasn't been smoked, and grandmother says that if he sees the baby before its head is smoked and before the diviner has finished all the ceremonies for it, we shall all become ill and die."

Lunga's big black eyes were serious as she spoke and so were those of the other children around her. They had left the little cattle pens and miniature houses which they were building and gathered outside the hut of the new baby.

"He is one for the spear," said Lunga, meaning that it was a boy.

Poor little Inkomo gave a gasp. He remembered how he had been wanting a little brother and a little sister. Then twins were born. Instead of joy, there was crying and distress in the home, for all his people knew that twins would bring a terrible misfortune upon them if they were permitted to live. The diviner was called and Inkomo's father gave him a fine black ox. The parents of the twins were glad when the doctor said that only one of the babies should be destroyed. The boy might live, but the little girl must die. So Inkomo lost his little sister. She had had such pretty black eyes and short kinky hair but her skin was not as dark as Inkomo's for she was just a baby and had not yet been tanned by the sun.

"I still have my little brother," said Inkomo, comforting himself. "When he grows big I shall make a little spear for him."

The little brother remained but a short time. During two whole days he cried in pain. The witch doctor was duly called and his charms were well paid for.

When the crying ceased, the spirit of the little brother left for the world of the ancestors.

Inkomo cried, but the witch doctor said, "Twins are evil. It is well that both are dead."

"Yes," said the mother, trying to comfort herself and Inkomo, "if they had lived, much evil would have fallen upon all of us."

They were hoping that nothing would befall Lunga's new brother but that he would live to grow up. They recalled how many babies had been born in the village and how many had died in spite of all the charms that had been bought for them. Judging by the new baby's cries inside the hut, he was a husky fellow, and so they were all hopeful.

*

Many heathen children are not permitted to attend school. Nevertheless, they begin early to learn the rules of life and conduct.

They are taught that it is dangerous to drink milk during a thunderstorm,—

—that no person must work in the garden the day after a hail storm;

—that some dire calamity will happen if a cow uses her horns to push off the lid of a bowl that holds corn;

—that there is evil coming if a toad jumps into the fireplace;

—that if a person kills a turkey buzzard, the arm with which it was done will become paralyzed;

—that if a person is ill with the mumps he must go to the hole of an ant-bear and shout, "Uzagiga! Uzagiga!" (The mumps, the mumps!) If he does not look back when he returns he will soon recover;

—that it is dangerous to point with the extended finger to certain powerful mountains. The fist or thumb

must be used for this purpose, otherwise hail and thunderstorms will result;

—that sneezing is an omen of good health. Immediately after this performance the person must give thanks to the ancestral spirits, and add, "Spirits of our people, grant me long life!" If the sneezing continues for some time the spirits are very near and are in a benevolent mood;

—that if the cattle have strayed away and can not be found, a certain hawk called isipungumangati is consulted. It will point its head in the direction of the lost beasts;

—that to soften the heart of a man with whom he wishes to make a bargain, a man should bite off a bit of the charm suspended about his neck;

—that if someone is charged with a crime he should eat a special kind of root. This will cause the men who gather to judge him to be confused and wander in their minds, so that they are unable to arrive at a decision;

—that to make dogs serviceable in hunting they should be fed on the beaks and claws of birds.

These, and many other rules were learned by the children of the kraal.

"Learn to be clever and to tell lies," says the Zulu mother to her child.

"If you can steal the neighbor's new axe without being caught you will soon be a brave," says the father.

"But if you are so stupid as to get caught, we will spank you," say both parents.

"To lie and to steal successfully shows that you have brains," they say. "But if you are found out, you are a disgrace to yourself and to us."

The Zulu children love to play at being grown-up. If there is water near by, the boys soon learn to swim and fish. They become expert in trapping birds, mice, lizards, and they like to eat them all when they are cooked in their own kettle, set up for that purpose. Boys and girls learn how to plait mats and baskets from grass, do beadwork, carve calabashes, make wooden spoons, and sometimes make simple pottery from clay. While still young they learn to help their parents. Little girls trip along the footpaths each one balancing a vessel of water on her head. Little boys help their fathers herd the cattle and sometimes they are taken along on the hunt.

Thus the years slip by and the age of adolescence is reached. Then boys and girls receive special training in the customs and rites of the tribe. They learn much evil and whatever innocence they may have had, disappears. They pass from childhood and are recognized as men and women.

Betrothal

"A girl," say the Zulus, "is goods." As soon as she is born the father says to himself, "She will bring me cattle when she marries." He sits calmly outside his hut, takes a pinch of snuff, and begins to speculate as to whom he should barter this new fortune. So while the little baby girl is vociferously adjusting herself to this new world, her husband is being chosen. Or she may even have been the subject of a tentative bargain before she was born.

"Who is paying your 'ukulobola' (dowry)," we ask a young girl with kinky hair and well-oiled skin. She is well informed as to how many oxen and how many cows are her price, how many have already been

A Zulu Woman Fetching Water

paid in advance and the quality of those that remain. She also knows if she is to be given in exchange for another woman who will become the wife of her brother or of her father. Her future master comes to look at his purchase from time to time. If he is old, she will hate him, and her tongue will spew venomous words in his presence, for she is a violent and undisciplined creature. He will laugh, for he knows that he is her master and that her railings are the vain struggles of a caged bird. If her father dies, she is the property of her brother and is his for bargain or barter.

The dowry price literally enslaves the girl to the one who "eats her cattle," that is, receives them in payment for her. Should she refuse to comply with his wishes, and she often does, she is beaten into submission. Marriage is a business arrangement, not a matter of love.

In some cases engagements are not made until the girl is "of age," perhaps eighteen or twenty years old. The man needs a wife to cook his meals for him, or he wants to start a hut of his own and have a family around him. Another needs an extra helper in his home, to carry water and hoe the corn. The family seeks the prospective wife and the business transactions are taken up with her father.

Although marriage is so often a matter of custom and convenience, it can not be denied that Cupid often disguises himself in a brown skin. In the evenings groups of young girls come to fetch water and to view their own plump faces in the shiny river. Close upon their heels follow their dark cavaliers, not to fetch water but to pay attention to the dusky damsels. There is laughter and joking at the river as the young gentle-

men compete in helping the ladies lift the large calabashes or gourds to the top of their heads. It does not enter their minds to carry the water themselves, for that would be improper and unmanly.

Love messages are much in evidence, not in white or pink paper notes, but beautifully expressed in designs of colored beads. When her lover is around, the girl wears a waistband in four colors.

"I very much love you," say the white beads.

"But there is going to be trouble," say the blacks.

"Because you do not have enough cattle to satisfy my father," say the pinks.

"Therefore I feel faint and discouraged," say the greens.

When her lover fails to appear, her red beads express her weeping, "I am faint with too long watching for you," and the blues join in, "How I wish I were a bird that I could fly to you."

If a young man finds his love for a certain young lady unrequited, or fears that she prefers another, he seeks the medicine man who will prepare a charm to make her hate the latter and love the former.

Marriage

The courtship may go on for some time without the knowledge of the parents. Some day the girl hears the father or brother say, "It is time she were married," and fearing their choice of a husband for her not to be her own, she hies off to her lover's kraal. In case the father has made a previous arrangement with someone else, she will be dragged back with beating and abuse. The wedding day is set and the girl submits to her fate. But if the parents have no objection to the family and they are sure that the re-

quired number of cattle will be forthcoming, they calmly await the bridegroom's party which will come to negotiate for the union of the two.

Before the wedding, both parties are busy in preparation. For the coming event the bride must have a supply of mats, spoons, dishes and other things to begin housekeeping. No bride ever goes to her husband without an ox which becomes the ox for the ancestral spirits. In the event of its death, the bride believes that she is deserted by the protecting spirits of her father's house. In case of some calamity, however, the sacrifice of this ox is doubly powerful in bringing relief.

The Wedding Ceremony

On the day before the wedding the bride and her party set out for the kraal of the bridegroom.

"It is my choice, I left my people," sings the bride, and the bridegroom's party makes a suitable reply. The bridegroom has sent messengers to bring her from her home, which is at some distance from his kraal. She is skittish, however, and refuses to go with them. Finally she condescends to inspect the presents which are hanging on a tree and gradually with artful dancing she approaches the groom.

"Here I am," says she, "Will you treat me well? You will bury me and I'll bury you."

He promises to do the same and with such hopes for the future, they join the dancing and singing. Thereupon a cow is slaughtered by the bridegroom and given to the bride's party. Festivities continue for two days. The first evening the bride wanders about the kraal followed by the women relatives of her husband. She is "crying for her father's house" where

Zulu Bride with All Her Finery of Cowtails and Beadwork Bridal Veil

she was well treated. Now she fears she will be ill used. She pretends to try to run away and the girls are to prevent her.

The next day the last part of the ceremony takes place. The bridegroom, his brothers, sisters and friends, take their place in the cattle-fold. The bride enters with her party of girls, carrying in her hand a spear. One girl bears a dish of water, and another some beads. Then, with dancing steps, the bride approaches and throws the water over her husband. This accomplished, she breaks the shaft of the spear, and rushes from the kraal homeward bound. However, the specially appointed bride-catcher overtakes her and retrieves her for the groom. If she is not caught, the husband is in disgrace and must pay a cow to get her back.

At the close of the wedding the father of the bride takes a shield and stands in front of the dancers, who then become silent. He makes a speech in which he praises his daughter, dwells and dilates on all he has done for her, says that he received all too few cattle for her, hopes that she will be treated well, that he may have many wee grandchildren, and so forth. He emphasizes his words occasionally by jumping up and violently kicking his shield.

Next the bridegroom's father makes his speech. Holding his shield, he praises his son in lofty terms, complains that the dowry was too big for such an ugly looking girl, that she will be a useless worker. He also strengthens his statements by kicking his shield at each crescendo of his voice.

The new wife will not drink any sour milk for sometime after her marriage. She was bought by milk-giving cattle and she must not eat her own price. But

after some time has elapsed, she takes the broken spear from the day of her wedding and returns to her old home. There she obtains a goat which is slaughtered upon her return to her husband. The "uncleanness" of the milk then passes into the dead animal, and from that time on she may drink milk.

Polygamy

The ceremonies of the wedding are over, but we can not say that the couple lives happily ever after. Before long the new wife becomes the drudge, the hewer of wood and carrier of water. If she has no children, she is brought back to her father as useless goods and the cattle paid out for her are requested back. Endless quarrels and lawsuits follow. The chief cause of her downtrodden state, however, is the prevalence of *polygamy*. Every man who can afford it has two or more wives. Rich men and chiefs have many more, for the cultivation of the corn field, the banana plot, and the household duties can not be performed by one woman.

"Many wives make the kraal rich," says the man. And his ideal is to acquire as many wives as possible. Nor do the women object to helpers in their work. In the polygamous household each wife has one hut of which she is the mistress. The head-wife has an honor or rank comparatively higher than the others.

Disagreements, intrigues, strifes and jealousies are frequent in such a household. Gentleness and love can not thrive, the woman becomes hardened and calculating, the husband lazy and inconsiderate. A true home life is impossible under such conditions.

If the husband dies, his wife automatically belongs to his brother. This custom involves serious difficulties

in mission work. If, for instance the woman is a Christian, she will not want to become a second or third wife of a heathen. If, on the other hand, the brother is a Christian, and he refuses to take his deceased brother's wife, he insults the whole family as well as the ancestral spirits. He becomes involved in a serious situation.

The Old Way and the New Way

The heathen Zulu loves the old ways. These appeal to his conservative nature. To indulge the desires of his own flesh is his privilege, granted him by the customs of his ancestors. It is not strange that he resents the infringement of his liberties in the "new ways." He says, "I don't like them. I do not want to give up my wives. I bought them. I do not want to wear clothes; I am handsome. I do not want to dig the ground. I want my wives to do that. I do not want my children to go to school. They learn things that make me uncomfortable. I want the old ways."

CHAPTER 5

Facing a Closed Door

THE first missionary who preached salvation through Jesus Christ to the Zulus in Natal and Zululand, was Captain Allan Francis Gardiner, who came to Durban in 1835. Captain Gardiner was known as "a Christian knight without fear or fault," and his greatest desire was to offer his life for the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen.

Soon after his arrival in Natal, he visited Dingana in His Majesty's kraal, "Umgungundhlovu," the great elephant city, on the White Umfolosi river in upper Zululand. Gardiner's purpose in coming to the king, was to seek permission to establish mission stations and missionaries of the Gospel in that territory. During these negotiations Gardiner had occasion to observe fearful scenes in the royal kraal. At one time one of the king's brothers and two servants were executed. This only strengthened him in his belief that these unfortunates needed the love of a Savior.

He was patient during the king's moods and desire to acquire everything the white man possessed. Gardiner did not often have an opportunity to discuss the subject dear to his heart. But one day Dingana said: "Did you bring the book today?" Yes, indeed, the Captain had not forgotten that. The king wished to handle the wonderful object. He turned a few pages in curiosity, then handed it to Gardiner and asked him to read. The missionary read about punishment for sin, God's omniscience and His righteous judgment.

The king asked: "Where is God?" "How did He give His Word?" "How will He judge on the last day?" "Which nation will He judge?" "Will my people be there?" "Shall I live eternally if I learn His Word?" The missionary explained as well as he could by means of a poorly qualified interpreter and a language not yet sanctified by expressions and words of the Holy Book.

The king and his chiefs decided that they did not need missionaries in Zululand. They had a great desire for guns, cartridges and gunpowder, but Gardiner would not furnish any of these. Though baffled in this his first attempt, the enterprising young man kept trying until finally he secured Dingana's consent to receive missionaries. Gardiner applied to the Church of England, and at his request a young missionary, the Rev. Francis Owen together with his wife and daughter, left for Zululand. Before they reached their destination, however, missionaries from America had arrived in the country.

The Second Attempt

On an October day in 1806, four students of Williams College in Massachusetts sought refuge from a sudden shower in a haystack. While there they prayed God to use them in some way and pledged themselves to work for the spreading of the Gospel of Christ among the heathen. This agreement of Samuel Mills and his friends to labor for foreign missions, developed into the American Board of Foreign Missions which has branches almost over the whole earth. Missionaries were first sent to India, Ceylon, Asia Minor and the Hawaiian Islands. In December 1835, the Reverends Adams, Grout and Champion arrived in Dur-

ban, with the purpose of bringing the Gospel to the Zulus.

The next month they paid a visit to the Zulu king, who gave them a hospitable reception. He became much enthused over a small treadle-driven lathe which the practical Americans had brought. They showed what it could do by making some ornamented snuff-boxes in the presence of his sable majesty. The sovereign, adorned with his regal finery, consisting of beads and a leopard skin strung about his hands and hips, desiring to become proficient in the use of the miraculous machine, treadled vigorously, while the royal perspiration flowed freely. The purpose of the missionaries, the Great Message, was not forgotten, however. The lathe but served as an introduction. They found occasion to tell of the Savior, and the king appeared interested.

Three new missionaries, D. Lindley, H. L. Venable, and Dr. A. E. Wilson, reinforced the mission in July, 1837. Thereupon a second visit was paid to the king of the Zulus. This time Dingana consented to the establishment of two stations in Zululand. One of these was built at the little stream Inyoni (the bird), eight miles north of the lower Tugela and not far from the sea. The other missionary center was established near the Umhlatuzi river, between the present Empangeni and Ngoye.

Meanwhile, Owen, with his wife and daughter, had arrived at the king's kraal (May, 1837). We can imagine the dreadful sensations of these messengers of peace as they lived in full view of the king's kraal, that arena of bloodshed and unspeakable evils. In 1838, Owen witnessed the fearful massacre of the sev-

enty Boers in Retief's party. He has described that tragedy in the following words:

"My attention was directed towards the bloody hill, almost directly opposite my hut and on the other side of my wagon which hid it from view, where all the king's executions take place, and which was destined to add seventy bleeding corpses to the number of those who cry to heaven for revenge. 'There,' cried someone, 'they are killing the Boers now.' I looked and saw a large crowd on the hill, about nine or ten Zulus for every Boer, dragging their helpless, weaponless victims to the fatal place, where those eyes which awakened that morning to see the bright daylight for the last time, now were closed in death. I lay down on the ground. Mrs. and Miss Owen were no less thunderstruck than myself. We comforted each other. Immediately, after the bloody deed was completed, the whole crowd returned to the kraal to meet their sovereign. When they approached him, they gave a loud yell, which we heard at the station and which continued for some time."

On the same day, Dr. Wilson and a young colonist from the Cape rode past the king's kraal. They noticed a large number of saddles and guns outside, but did not see the white owners. Upon questioning the natives they received evasive replies. So they rode up to Owen's house. Their coming must have brought some comfort to the worried pastor, his wife and daughter.

The situation seemed hopeless in the extreme and that same year Owen returned to England. His mission society decided to relinquish Zululand temporarily as a mission field. Dr. Wilson of the American Mission made another visit to the king to ask for permission to continue their work. But the king was un-

relenting, so the American missionaries also withdrew from Zululand.

Captain Gardiner left Africa, but his zeal for the salvation of the heathen impelled him to labor in New Guinea and later in Patagonia, South America, where he died of hunger in 1851. The story of his sacrifices, and of his death there, is touching. His last words in a letter written at that time were these: "Another brief moment and through God's grace we shall be united with the blessed throng who sing Christ's praise through all eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, albeit I have not eaten for five days. What wonderful grace and goodness to me, a sinner."

Later, in 1840, after Mpande began to rule, the American Mission made another attempt within the king's territory. The Rev. A. Grout reoccupied Umhlatuzi, near the Empangeni creek, and Zulus began to settle about him. That made the king suspicious. Was the missionary trying to entice the king's subjects away from him? Because of these suspicions, the ruler decided to remove this danger. He sent a troop of soldiers to the mission station to kill all Zulus who had dared to settle near the missionary. It was impossible to remain any longer in Zululand. Grout and as many of the Christians as would accompany him, withdrew over the river to Natal. This colony enjoyed law and order under English rule and Grout established the well-known Umvoti station. So the doors to Zululand remained closed to the Gospel for a period of eleven years.

The Lord's Plan

The great spiritual awakening begun by Hans Nielsen Hauge in Norway, quickened the hearts of the

people; and the Christians began to be interested in the salvation of the heathen people in faraway lands. In 1821, Bishop Bugge published a paper called "Information about the Progress of the Gospel in all parts of the World." This publication continued only two years, but the interest it created in foreign missions caused fresh shoots to spring forth in different places. The Mission of the Brethren (Moravian) published another paper in 1827. This publication awakened a keen interest for the cause among the Brethren and also among Hauge's friends on the west coast of Norway.

Foreign mission Circles or Societies sprang up everywhere. Their purpose was to "study and pray for the salvation of the heathen and to secure gifts and raise funds to aid that cause." Men and women, with a few handfuls of wool, with spinning-wheels, and hymn books, gathered solemnly to pray, praise and prepare.

In 1840 an old Christian gentleman of seventy-one years, named Jon Hougvalstad, a dyer by trade, was encouraged to work for a definite program for these mission societies. Hougvalstad was at a loss how to proceed, but he was determined to do something, and in silence began to prepare by giving himself to prayer. God honored his humble petitions.

In the declaration of Hans Paludan Smith Schreuder to become a foreign missionary, it was discovered that the Lord had made ready a man of His own choosing for this particular service. At the same time He had prepared the Christians in Norway to support a foreign mission and a missionary.

Hans P. S. Schreuder

The Preparation of the Lord's Messenger

Otto Schreuder was a highly respected deputy sheriff living in the Sogndal parish, Inner Sogn, Norway. He was well-known for his honesty and integrity. His wife, Anna Catrine, was a quiet woman, of a deeply serious character, and she was an affectionate mother. During her last years she was confined to a bed of keen suffering, but this did not prevent her from being a tender mother to her four children.

Their oldest son, Hans Paludan Smith, born June 18, 1817, was especially attached to his mother. He often sat by her bedside, read to her her favorite passages of Scripture, prayed with her, and thus absorbed more and more that deep, solemn faith which became the outstanding trait in the otherwise blithe and lively boy's character. She died the day after his confirmation while he was partaking of the Lord's Supper at the Communion service.

While still a young man, he showed unusual determination, untiring diligence and great endurance. He never began a task without completing it. At the age of thirteen he was competent at the carpenter's bench and lathe. His comrades were enthused over a small sawmill which he had built complete in detail, and which could saw small planks. His power of initiative won him many admirers.

The school facilities during those years were meager and he received little regular instruction. At the age of thirteen, his pastor gave him private lessons in Norse and Latin, and from then on he made steady progress, first from a teacher in agriculture, then from more advanced professors. One of these said of him: "I had the privilege of giving him classes in religion, and of him I found the saying true: 'We learn by

teaching others.' He was a dear pupil, and the only worry he caused me was that his great diligence and activities might prove too strenuous for his health." In a very short time the young man finished the university entrance examinations, where he was granted the highest honors.

At the University of Christiania (now Oslo), this quiet young student prepared himself by diligent study and careful application for the final examinations in theology. Like many other poor students, he did private tutoring to help pay his expenses at school. Food was not always plentiful. He took such good care of his clothing that the black velvet blouse and peculiar green coat were still in good condition when he left the university. But he excelled in his studies, so that when the awards were given at his graduation in 1842 he received the highest honors given by the university and royal recognition for his scholarship.

He was conscious of a call from the Lord to preach the Gospel in heathen lands and he promised to follow God's guidance. Until his graduation Schreuder had kept his resolve to become a missionary to himself. His friends and the Church at large were therefore astounded when he issued a pamphlet, February, 1842, entitled "A Few Words to the Church of Norway Concerning Christian Duty with regard to the Salvation of Non-Christian Fellow Brethren." In this paper Schreuder declared his conviction concerning the bringing of the Gospel to the heathen and made known his call from God to go as a foreign missionary.

When Jon Hougvalstad heard of this, he rejoiced. The friends of foreign missions had not prayed in vain. The Lord had prepared the reply to their prayers

in Schreuder, even before they had uttered their petitions.

A group of foreign mission friends formed a committee in 1842 to support him on the mission field. Already in the spring of 1843, they had enough funds on hand to send Schreuder. The Norwegian Missionary Society was also founded in 1842 at Stavanger by a union of sixty small mission groups. They also desired to support Schreuder as their missionary in the foreign field. In 1846 the committee, organized to support Schreuder, dissolved and turned its task completely over to the Norwegian Missionary Society.[1]

Seeing his prayer to go to Africa granted so soon, the young missionary hastened to get ready to leave. He acquired as much medical and first aid training as could be condensed into a few months. On May 10, 1843, he was ordained in Christiania into the holy ministry by Bishop Sørenson. On the twenty-eighth of the same month he delivered a touching farewell address in Our Savior's Church. Not only in Christiania, but in all Norway, mission friends were stirred by the words and the willingness of this young man to be their missionary in foreign lands.

Another surprise was in store for the mission friends. A veterinary and blacksmith, named Thommesen, one who was unusually handy in such work as would be needed on the mission field, offered to accompany Schreuder. The committee accepted his offer. Thommesen sold all his property, gave the money to the mission, and then joined Schreuder, who was getting ready to leave for Africa.

Concerning the choice of a mission field, Schreuder

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[1]Sommerfelt, H. E., "Den Norske Zulumission," pages 43-54.

had become more and more convinced that he should go to Zululand. The main factor in his choice was the information from Robert Moffat about his own labors in South Africa.

Schreuder and Thommesen sailed from Norway on July 5, 1843, left London September 5, and arrived at Capetown, South Africa on November 10 of the same year. The voyage had been a pleasant one, but the greatest joy of the new missionaries was when they set foot on African soil at Capetown. They had not reached the actual land of their labors, however; for to reach Zululand they must continue around the Cape of Good Hope to Durban and thence travel inland.

Schreuder in Natal

On New Year's Day, 1844, Schreuder landed in Durban, at that time called Port Natal and later, D'Urban, after the late governor of the Cape. The town was then a vast plain of sand dunes and brush. There were only a few European families and they lived in dwellings made of twigs woven in and out on posts and plastered with mud. Elephants, lions, leopards and other wild animals roamed about in the forest, just outside the future metropolis.

Schreuder was kindly received by the Wesleyan missionary Archbell at Durban, but he was advised not to remain there for language study. It would be better to locate in a district of Zulu natives. He was invited to come to Amanzimtoti (Sweet Water), about ten miles to the south, to the station of Dr. Adams of the American Board Mission. Schreuder was glad to accept this kind offer.

At Amanzimtoti the new missionaries were given a house to live in and they set up their own housekeep-

ing on the twenty-sixth of January, 1844. Two Zulu boys, who knew little of the intricacies of the white man's household, were engaged as helpers. The first day they were to serve a stewed chicken, potatoes and vegetables. The chicken was cooked and served on time, but three hours elapsed between this course and the potatoes. The skill of the new cooks improved whenever the missionaries took time to instruct them. However, the latter were most zealous in studying the language; for that must be acquired before any missionary efforts could begin. So the boys often served the same food as that of the natives, milk and vegetables, especially umbila or Kafir corn which they cooked, roasted, or made into corn-bread.

It would seem that this simple household would require little time, but Schreuder wrote that he wished he were done with it. For the sake of milk he had to keep four cows and a herdsboy, and the poultry yard must be watched lest the chickens be carried off by wildcats and hyenas. The damp climate also proved a breeding place for mildew and moths, which attacked the missionaries' books, clothes and shoes.

Schreuder wrote: "If you realize my battles with ants, moths, and mold, as well as my bargaining for corn, pumpkins and chickens, on the one side, and my language and religious work filling my brain on the other, you will understand that my studies have many complications. It is a blessing that Mrs. Adams lives near-by, and that she is ever ready to assist and advise us in this complicated business."

The language study took time and diligence. Every morning Chief Ugoba came (or was supposed to come), seated himself on the floor, and with his snuff-box in hand, pretended to be the teacher. At times,

Schreuder was able to draw a bit of information from him, but often he was "dead" and would only "snuff." By November Schreuder was able to make himself understood, and he lost no time in conversing with the inhabitants about God and His Word.

Schreuder's plan was not to remain in Natal, but to press on north to the country of the Zulus and, as Paul, to preach the Gospel where it was not being heard. Adams and Grout of the American Mission Board had formerly (1836) built two stations in Zululand, but the terrible Boer massacre, and the resolution of the Zulu king to drive all whites out of his land, had compelled them to withdraw and to work among fugitive Zulus in the Natal province.

Visit to King Mpande

Schreuder hoped to be permitted to work in Zululand proper, and with this in view, he began to prepare for a journey to the royal kraal of Mpande, the Zulu king, to ask permission to settle and to labor in his country. A trek-wagon was ordered from Capetown. It arrived two months later than was promised, and was poorly constructed. Schreuder and Thommesen worked as carpenters and blacksmiths to improve their vehicle and then gathered implements and supplies to be used on the journey.

Finally, on June 24, 1845, the problems of language and preparation were sufficiently overcome, so that the actual journey to Zululand could begin. Schreuder was fortunate in securing an able Hottentot driver from Durban. By means of his sixteen yard-long whip, the phlegmatic beasts were urged to move steadily towards Zululand.

The South African wagon was a noted institution.

It was a large vehicle on four huge wheels without springs, the body about ten feet long with a tent supported on bent-over poles, the ends of which were inserted in staples on the sides. Canvas and mats constituted the covering. At night, the ends of this covering were let down and fastened to the wheels. Inside the wagon were found the bedframe made of four poles laced with strings of cowhide, their cooking utensils, and other necessary equipment.

From eight to ten yoke of oxen were used to draw this vehicle over the new and rough country. When the wagon was caught in a bog, or when ascending a very steep hill, as many as three span, about 48 oxen, were united in pulling the load. It was an exciting spectacle to see the drivers cracking their cowhide whips most furiously, while addressing the leaders by their names. In such a contrivance, our first missionary to the Zulus had his bedroom, coach, and fortress, on that first journey to the king's court.

After two days, the party passed the Umgeni river, which was noted especially for the great number of crocodiles in it. There were no bridges nor ferries, and every year many people were seized by the monsters. The country about Umgeni was wooded and hilly, but between the next two rivers which were passed, Umdhloti and Utongati, there were broad plains where wild animals abounded. A herd of springbok leaped across the opening in a series of curves, jumping gracefully over bushes six or eight feet high. A company of zebra got wind of the travelers and galloped off at high speed.

On and on and on the wagon rattled over country covered with long grass, low bushes and a few trees, and broken by bold, rocky, coneshaped hills (kopjes).

Crossing the Tugela River with a Span of Oxen

They crossed the Umvoti river and on the fifth of July they reached the Tugela river, the southern border of Zululand. They felt like the Israelites looking into the Promised Land.

Indeed, the vista before them was a glorious one. The broad Tugela river wound like a silver ribbon through the emerald valley, shrubs of flaming scarlet and other bright colors, gave variety and vivid con-

The Missionary Walks from Kraal to Kraal

trasts to the many shades of the green hills beyond. The company crossed to the boulder-strewn shore opposite, where lizards darted about in the sunshine, and flamingoes and cranes rested on one leg. To be sure, there were crocodiles basking on the sandbanks, but the missionary thought little about them at the time. He had just entered the land of which he had been dreaming for many years.

On and on, northward over kopje and veld, they

journeyed. In the Umhlatuzi river, hippopotami were swimming. The missionary passed Empangeni, then turned west and saw Unodwengu, the king's "umuzi" or village, high upon the mountain-side. This was a fortress, a goal in the far distance towards which the trek continued for many days. Every evening the sky became gold, then orange, the hills turned purple, and then there was the wondrous afterglow of a crimson sunset. They camped in the out-of-doors. Night came on with its myriads of silvery stars.

The charm of the night was broken by howling hyenas. At times, their wild laughter made the blood of the travelers turn colder than the chill of the night. There was no immediate danger of them attacking the people, but their nocturnal visits were a nuisance. One night they destroyed an ox harness, and cut the leather ropes by which some of the animals were tied. From that night on, Schreuder kept watch, half-dressed, and with loaded gun, to protect his party from these molesters of the peace.

Schreuder finally reached the king's kraal. By means of a servant, he announced his desire to speak with the ruler. It is customary for Zulus of rank to show their importance by letting visitors await their appearance. One is fortunate if he need not wait more than an hour. At last, the missionary was requested to enter. He went down on his hands and knees and crawled through the low passage into the royal hut. His Majesty was seated on a clumsy hewn-out chair of wood. He had wrapped a white woolen blanket about himself. With the exception of this, he wore no clothing.

Schreuder doffed his hat and greeted His Highness by shaking his hand. A servant gave him a block of

wood to sit on. It is as improper to remain standing when speaking to the Zulu king, as it is to be seated in the presence of a European monarch.

The missionary told the king that he had for a long time felt a keen interest in his welfare and in that of his people, and for that reason had come from a far distant land. He said he was happy in realizing the fulfilment of his heart's desire, in seeing the king and his people. He rejoiced in the hope of being permitted to remain and to live in peace in his land. The king did not seem kindly disposed nor interested in the missionary's address, but dismissed him and said he would have to discuss the matter with his chiefs before he could make a reply.

The following days the king was engaged in a long palaver with his chiefs, and Schreuder could not approach the royal person. He decided to visit the big queen. She was a relative of King Mpande and a powerful woman among the Zulus. She was about five and one-half feet tall and extremely stout. Schreuder's visit and the small gifts he brought her, pleased her exceedingly. She seemed anxious to acquire a needle and thread and to learn the art of sewing.

On the following visit, the missionary brought the desired articles and showed the queen how to use them. He had brought no cloth, so a corner of the queen's only garment, a wrap of calico, was used for demonstration purposes. Chiefs, courtiers, princes, and princesses, pressed so near that the missionary had difficulty in moving his arms. The assembly stared in astonishment at the "little thorn" which entered the cloth on one side and came out on the other without dropping the thread. The excitement increased when Schreuder used his "clever knife or spear's

Home Sweet Home in Zululand

blade" (scissors) to cut the thread and thereby caused the queen's garment to return to its original state.

During this visit, one of the queen's courtiers came to Schreuder and asked him to attend to his thumb which had been twisted. The missionary performed the little operation in the queen's presence, and afterwards the patient came to him every day for dressings. In recognition for this service, the queen sent the "doctor" a young fat ox.

After more than a week of waiting, Schreuder heard that the king's council promised nothing favorable for the mission, but the young missionary was still hopeful. He reappeared in the king's presence. The monarch and a large group of chiefs were gathered near a dry tree, and Schreuder was asked to seat himself beside them. Then one of the chiefs, the royal spokesman, gave an address:

"We fear and tremble to receive a missionary into the country. We fear and weep for the king and his throne. Our people will become attached to the missionary; they will leave the king and desert the throne. And of what use is a missionary to us? Our people cannot be instructed in the missionary's knowledge. They know only how to sin, to kill, to walk on their feet, and to build fences, as our great ancestors have done. We are black, and how can the white man's learning and better life enter into us? So we weep for our king and his throne."

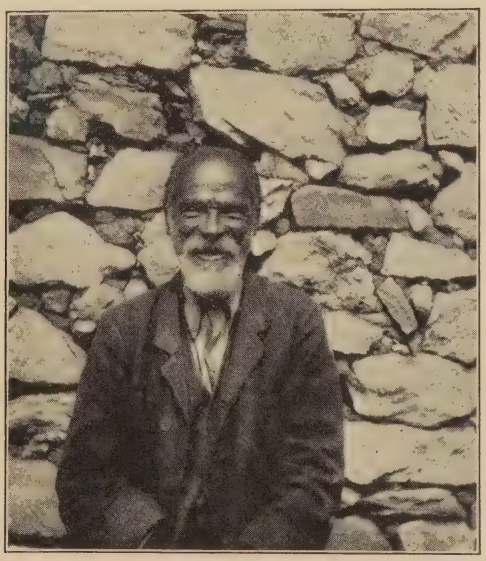
Schreuder tried to prove to the honorable royal council that the missionary would make the Zulus better citizens of the king. He would show them how to get away from sin and evil, and that the Gospel was the very thing for the people.

It was in vain. The chiefs "wept for the king and

the throne." The king "wept for his people." So, also with a truly weeping heart, the missionary had to give up his cause temporarily. The trek-wagon returned, over veld and kopje and stone-fringed river, over the Tugela, and back into Natal.

On the Border of Zululand

Along the Umdhloti river in Natal, Schreuder found a dense population on his journey into Zululand. The people of the vicinity came by hundreds to hear the Gospel preached. He therefore decided to camp at the Umdhloti, which was about twenty miles south of the Tugela river, and he lived there in his covered wagon for a whole year.



A Typical Zulu Evangelist

When Schreuder came, the country was suffering from drought and the very first Sunday the heathen asked him to pray for rain. The missionary asked God to refresh the land, if that would glorify His Name. That same evening a heavy rain fell and the whole countryside was revived. The natives held their hands to their mouths to show their astonishment and joy that the Lord of the heavens had blessed them in this way.

Schreuder labored diligently among these people, trusting that the seed sown would grow and that before long a way would be opened to Zululand. In both respects, he was temporarily disappointed. After the Sunday worship, he examined some of the people to see how much they had understood. He found that his words had been plain enough, but that there was no thought of accepting them. Many made a pretense of conversion.

"We have decided to leave the old and evil way, to walk in the light of the Lord, to pray for a white heart." But the end of the speech was always this: "Then you will ask God to remove the grasshoppers" or "to send rain," or especially, "Then you will give us lots of food so that we may become fat,"—and they stretched out both arms to indicate how big they hoped their stomachs would become.

The reports of King Mpande's attitude towards missionaries became increasingly more discouraging. In fact, he issued a declaration that all white people, hunters, traders, and whites of every profession, would no longer be tolerated within his borders. The doors to Zululand were closed.

CHAPTER 6

The Lord Uses a Medicine Bottle

WITH Zululand rigidly closed, Schreuder was perplexed as to how he should proceed to locate a new field for the Norwegian Missionary Society. He did not wish to begin a permanent mission work in the province of Natal because several other Protestant missions were already established there.

He wrote to the Society: "Although I am happy to labor in any place where I may win souls for my Master, I believe that it is my duty to the Society to seek a place where its future extension may be more certain." He asked the committee in Norway to advise him as to where he should continue. Meanwhile he made another visit to King Mpande, but His Majesty would not receive him. The doors were more tightly closed than ever.

The Mission Committee prayerfully proceeded to seek a new field for Schreuder. East Africa was considered and given up. India was also proposed. Just then an urgent appeal came from China for missionaries to enter that vast heathen land. It was pointed out that it would be a field of many risks and dangers, but Schreuder had proved to be unusually valorous.

Letters took months on their way from Norway to Africa. The period of waiting was a trial of faith for Schreuder. Referring to that time, he wrote: "The situation pressed so heavily on my heart that for several weeks I was unable to think or to read. I was in a state of constant prayer. It did not please the good Lord to give me a definite indication of His will. He

permitted me to make the decision which brought great trials, but which in His hands, later also brought pronounced blessings."

In September, 1847, an opportunity was given Schreuder to sail from Durban to Capetown: "May my faithful Lord, before whom I have been prostrate and with whom I have wrestled in prayer, before taking this important step, continue and seal His cause to the honor and glory of His Name! For this I beg your intercession."

Thommesen returned to Norway at this time, because it seemed improbable that his services would be needed in China under the conditions there. The price of the tickets for these long voyages of Thommesen and Schreuder was taken from the money they had saved from their household expenditures. They had lived very economically, their food consisting chiefly of mealies (corn) and pumpkins, eaten with milk when that was obtainable.

Journey to China and Return

Schreuder secured passage for China at Capetown, on the ship Aden, on November 24, 1847. In leaving Africa, he felt very despondent. Indeed, he became ill, but God did not forsake him. The Word comforted him, and shortly afterwards he had a wonderful experience of the protecting arms of his God.

The captain of the ship was incompetent and headstrong. After sailing three weeks, his ship was many miles off its course. One afternoon during a heavy fog the crew was horrified in seeing the vessel headed straight for an island which the captain believed they had passed during the night. With strenuous efforts they managed to evade the rocky shore.

Later the captain decided to navigate a narrow passage between two Malayan islands, although it was known that a large submerged rock was dangerously near the surface in the middle of the channel. Schreuder relates: "We approached the passage with a terrific speed of nine or ten miles. I commended myself to the Lord, and tied my purse securely to my belt in case it would be possible to save our lives. As we neared the entrance of the channel the wind turned directly against us. The captain tried to force his vessel through, but the current was so strong that the ship was carried beyond into the open sea, whereupon the storm subsided.

"That afternoon the first mate and I drew the attention of the captain to the ship's guns. We had already entered the waters of the Malayan islands, where fierce pirates were wont to attack ships like ours. The captain reluctantly consented to our petition and we loaded the guns. The moon sank below the horizon in the west and there was a calm.

"At the hour of eleven-thirty, the first mate observed a large boat which had silently slid over the water and was on the point of being fastened to the ship. The captain was awakened. The first gun, loaded with gunpowder, was fired. This was enough to make the strangers, about half a hundred in number, hesitate. A second shot followed rapidly and the pirates prepared to row away. The third gun, loaded with shrapnel, was fired. The shot whined over the water in the direction of the Malays who sped off like an arrow. There was no doubt that they were some of the fearful Malay pirates who, under such conditions, kill men and mice with their sharp swords and knives, plunder the vessel, and thereupon either bore a hole below the

waterline and sink it, or set it on fire. By the mercies of the Lord, we were saved from a fearful death."

Such dangers were experienced daily during the last part of the journey. A multitude of small islands, and a fierce tempest on the sea, made navigation without a chart impossible. Schreuder then proceeded to make a map, using the data of the navigation tables. In this way they continued, and arrived at Hongkong, China, in February, 1848.

Losing no time, Schreuder sought the well-known missionary, Guztlaff, residing at Hongkong. The greeting that Schreuder received from him was unique, indeed, for it consisted of these words: "But how do you expect to be a missionary among the Chinese, you that have fair hair?"

At first Schreuder believed the statement a joke, but he soon learned that it was a truth, which made his residence in China impracticable; for at that time no person could enter China beyond the foreign ports without being attired as a Chinaman, complete with sandals, robe, and queue. Schreuder's fair hair and light blue eyes, made such a disguise of the foreigner impossible.

At the end of the month he wrote home: "With deep humility I must confess that I am unqualified under present circumstances to be a missionary among the Chinese. My heart bleeds at the thought of having failed in my commission, but at the same time I am glad to return to my dear Zulus for whom my love has burned warmer and warmer the greater the distance between us. Before the Lord I have prayed and promised that nothing but death shall separate us again. My return to Zululand is not a decision born of desperation, but of complete submission to the guid-

ance of my Lord and a realization that I can accomplish more for Him there than in China."

He secured passage to Africa by the Aden which was returning that way in June. "What I have suffered in spirit during the last year, it is unnecessary and impossible to relate. The Lord alone has been and will continue to be my shield and fortress, for His Son's sake, no matter what the future has in store," were his words as he left China.

On board he became busy nursing and giving medicine to several of the crew who were seriously ill. The ship was in a wretched state, the cargo of tea was too light, the number of the crew able to work was alarmingly small.

The perils of this journey were as numerous as the preceding and Schreuder says of it: "I can now say with the Psalmist, that I have seen God's wonders on the deep."

In September he reached Capetown, just ten months after his departure. There awaited him a large number of letters from Norway, from whence he had not heard a word during this long period. The many words of kindness and comfort were indeed refreshing to his weary soul. He learned that he was not alone in the struggle, but that many mission friends in Norway were interceding on his behalf before the throne of grace.

Still Waiting for Open Doors

He had a trek-wagon constructed at Capetown, for things were cheaper there than in Natal. He also had a small reader in the Zulu language printed. He had made a definite decision to buy a piece of land in Natal, as near to Zululand as possible and from there

The Missionary Calling His People

to seek or make an opening into that country. An opportunity soon presented itself to him in that a kind Boer offered to sell his estate, a large and valuable property, for a reasonable price. Thus Schreuder bought the Uitkomst farm, located about sixteen miles east of Pietermaritzburg (1849).

As soon as the Mission committee learned that this program was settled upon, it hastened to send more missionaries for the task which lay ahead. Three young men, T. Udland, O. C. Oftebro and L. Larsen, left for Africa in response to Schreuder's request. They

arrived in Natal in October, 1849, after a perilous journey of six months. They were happy in finding a comfortable home at Uitkomst and their language study was begun immediately.

Schreuder was busy preaching the Gospel in the surrounding kraals and in giving instruction to the young boys in his service. There were as yet no visible results; none of the heathen had asked for baptism.

The Lord did not leave them without encouragement, however. One day Udland was repairing a fence, he heard a voice as if someone were talking to himself. Going nearer he heard the words: "Baba wetu o sezulwini" (Our Father who art in heaven), and he realized that somebody was praying. After a little while a young Zulu rose out of the grass where he had bowed his knees to the Lord. He was Umboto, a boy who had served Schreuder for some time. The missionaries hoped that he would soon become a Christian, but it was not he that became the first fruit of their labors. He did, however, turn fully to the Lord after some years had elapsed.

In 1850 Schreuder's Zulu grammar was printed in Christiania, Norway. This was the first attempt at analysing the language and discovering the rules of its construction. He also compiled a Zulu-Norwegian dictionary. These books were of practical help to the new missionaries in learning the language. Schreuder's grammar formed the basis for a later and more complete Zulu grammar by Bishop Colenso.

The same year Schreuder began a new station in the Innati valley, about seventy miles northeast of Uitkomst and fifteen miles south of the Tugela river. The location had many advantages over Uitkomst as a door to Zululand and the population was also much greater.

Oftebro, Udland and Schreuder set out for the new site in two covered wagons. These were their dwellings while they constructed the first buildings of the new station (1850) which they named Umpumulo (a place of rest). The Natal government gave them a grant of 499 acres about Umpumulo.

The home of the missionary was completed, a ten by twenty foot building, with thatched roof and walls plastered with mud and cowdung. Schreuder and Oftebro continued the mission work there. Udland and the Larsons were at Uitkomst.

Before the end of the year new plans had to be made. The Lord had heard the petitions of His messengers and opened the doors of Zululand to the Gospel. In the following account we see the method the Lord used in answering the many prayers offered up to Him for this cause.

The Medicine Bottles

Mkonto, chief of the Amapumulo tribe which dwelt about Umpumulo, was a favorite of King Mpande because of a great kindness the chief had shown him. When Mpande sought refuge from King Dingana's fury and from his executioner, Mkonto spoke the cause of Mpande to the Boers so that they decided to support him against Dingana. Mpande showed his gratitude to Mkonto by giving him large numbers of cattle from time to time. On one such occasion the chief was called up to the royal kraal in December, 1850. While he was there, the king was seized with an attack by his old enemy, rheumatism.

The royal medicine men being duly called in, appeared in swaying monkey tails and full blown birds' bladders, armed with their most potent charms of hu-

man hearts, livers, and earthen jars of gall. The ancestral spirits were frantically called upon, and were humored by the choicest bullocks of the realm. King Mpande's pains increased.

"Don't you know of anyone in Natal able to help me?" asked the king of Mkonto.

"Why not call in Uhanise with his medicine bottles?" replied Mkonto. The missionary had been named Uhanise, the Zulu equivalent of Hans.

Thus one hot day in the middle of December, Schreuder received a royal delegation of Zulu courtiers, headed by a chief.

"Will you bring your powers of healing to the king at once?" was His Majesty's message.

It was the most difficult and dangerous time of the year for such a journey, especially, as Schreuder relates, he must walk the whole distance because his horse would surely succumb on the way. "But," he continues, "I considered it my duty to heed the summons, as the Lord possibly had a greater purpose to achieve through this simple service."

After a six days' journey over turbulent rivers, kopjes, and steep mountains, the missionary entered the king's kraal. There he remained a fortnight. The Lord blessed his medical efforts so that not only the king but the prime minister, a princess, and several other Zulu aristocrats, were healed of their ailments. At the end of this period, Schreuder intimated that he must return to Natal.

"What shall I do if the rheumatism returns?" inquired the king. "Would it do to seek help from the 'izanusi' again?"

"No, that would never do," replied the missionary, "because two such opposing methods as mine and that

of your doctors must not be mixed."

"What shall I do then?" continued the king anxiously, reflecting on the symptoms of his last attack of rheumatism.

"If you send for me I shall come if I am able," said Schreuder, "but it is a long way and it can hardly be expected that we are prepared to come at all times, especially since we are not permitted to live in this land."

"Ngi ya vuma" (I am willing), exclaimed the king

The Mission Nurse Is a Friend in Need

with gusto, as he saw the solution, "You may build and live at Impanga; teach my people there and practice your art of medicine whenever I call you."

Schreuder thanked the king for this permission and said he would come as soon as he had arranged his affairs. Later Mpande sent his prime minister to him to say: "See what a fine stretch of land I have given you. It has been coveted by many white people, but I would not give it to them. I have given it to you, therefore it is but proper that you bring so many medicines that there may never be a shortage of them in this my vast realm." There followed another company with four elephant tusks, valued at about a hundred dollars, and ten head of cattle, as gifts to the missionary doctor.

Schreuder had become ill from the unsanitary life in the royal kraal, but when his legs failed him his joy gave him new strength to proceed. He arrived at the "Place of Rest," Umpumulo, on January 9, 1851 Though extremely tired and worn, he could not rest until he had sent the glad news to the mission friends in Norway. It was a sad disappointment to all that one of those who would have rejoiced the most, Jon Hougvalstad, had died on the last day of the year, 1850.

Schreuder Settles in Zululand

Negotiations were begun at once to sell Uitkomst. It was decided to keep Umpumulo as a place of refuge in case Mpande should change his mind. By the middle of May, Schreuder and Udland were ready to enter Zululand. They crossed the Tugela and after four days arrived happily at Empangeni (May, 1851) where the first station was opened. Schreuder was not permitted to begin evangelistic work at once, however.

A serious epidemic raged in the country, and the missionary doctor had need of his medicine bottles all day long in trying to relieve the sick.

A few days after his arrival, messengers from the king brought word to the natives of Empangeni, "that they must not be frightened at seeing Uhanise (Hans) settle there, because the king had given him the place to dwell in. On the contrary, they must help him build houses, construct cattlefolds, and raise his goods from the ground lest ants and hyenas destroy them."

The epidemic hindered the people from giving such assistance, but the command must receive due acknowledgment by Schreuder, who sent the king four fancy blankets and a huge rain hat with the messengers. As for himself, he was busy planting cactus trees for a cattle-pen, while Udland and the oxen were his faithful but sole helpers.

A month had passed when a messenger from the king requested the "big doctor" to come to him at once. Having arrived at the kraal, Schreuder found an assembly of queens, ex-queens, princesses, and other notables, suffering from various diseases, scurvy and bronchitis in particular. For several weeks the doctor "practiced medicine" in the royal household.

For nearly two years the fever epidemic laid the natives low, and Schreuder was indeed often weary in this unceasing giving of medicines. His ability to extract teeth was also rumored far and wide, and victims of toothache sought him by the score. "It is not surprising that they seek an easier method than their own in disposing of troublesome teeth. Their custom is to begin by cutting away the flesh around the tooth with a spear. Thereupon the jawbone about the tooth is cut away until the tooth can be tipped out from un-

"The Gospel Is the Very Thing for Us," Says the Zulu Pastor

derneath. Such an operation takes a whole day," wrote the missionary dentist.

Entumeni, the Second Station in Zululand

Thus the confidence of king and his subjects in the good intentions of the mission was established, and Schreuder made several journeys of exploration into the surrounding country without meeting any opposition.

On such a journey in the spring of 1852 he passed through a region which appealed to him as particularly suitable for a mission station. It was the vast and fertile plateau of Intume (3000 feet above sea level), about halfway between Umpumulo and Empangeni. The climate on Intume was better than at Empangeni, and the abundance of timber would greatly aid in the construction of the necessary buildings. Schreuder therefore made a visit to the king and asked for permission to begin a new station there, to which Mpande gave prompt and generous consent.

In June Schreuder and two Zulu boys began to build this new station which he called Entumeni (1852). The following month the task was done, so that the missionary could "move in." The architecture was not imposing, for the house where Schreuder had his office during the day was a cave and his bedroom was a sort of hut consisting of three walls where he and the two Zulu boys made themselves as comfortable as possible.

Schreuder was a friend of animals. Behind the station at Entumeni, two antelopes were kept in an enclosure. One of these was very tame and made occasional visits into the missionary's room. One Sunday evening, Schreuder appeared to be unhappy. His

Entumeni Church. The Site Was a Gift from King Mpande

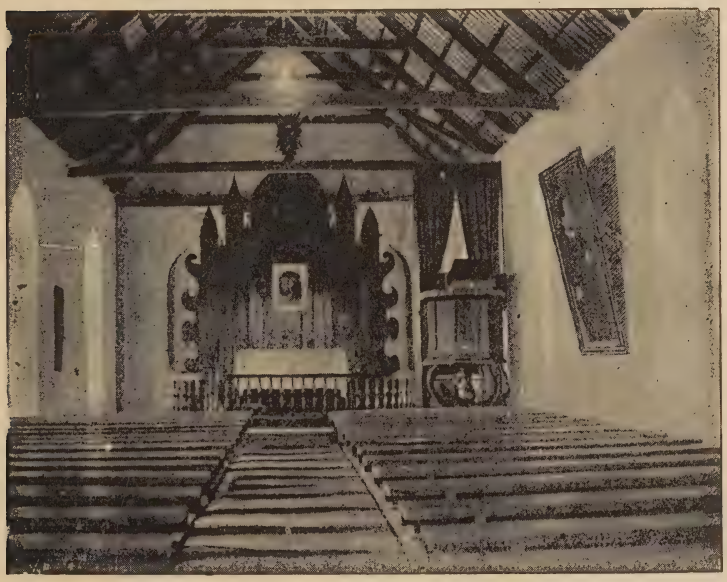
friends could not understand the reason for his sadness. Later they learned that one of his pet antelopes was dead.

Fortunately the good climate helped Schreuder regain his former vigor, as his health had suffered considerably the last two years. He could not keep cows because of wild animals. Lions and hyenas prowled about at night. One night three lions visited the station, but as by a miracle they did no harm. The natives, however, suffered continually from these beasts. Their cattle were the special prey of lions, and therefore the vicinity was sparsely populated.

The missionary proceeded to put an end to this danger, by laying out poison, and by shooting the animals. Thus the safety of the people and the herds about the station was increased, and many chiefs together with their families and kinsfolk settled in the fertile district. The wild beasts did not relinquish this favorite haunt entirely, however. A couple of years later, we learn, a horde of savage animals still roamed about in the vicinity of the Entumeni compound, in spite of unceasing vigilance on the part of the white man.

One day a leopard leaped into the midst of the cattle while the herdsman stood near-by. Reluctantly the angry animal slunk away into the cactus underbrush when the man, yelling and making a loud noise, chased it. Schreuder was notified and went out to free the station from the unwelcome guest. He had an adventure which reminds us strikingly of Livingstone's struggle with the lion. Schreuder shot at the leopard, but the bullet only furrowed its side. The wounded beast sprang at his throat and, as it approached, he tried to grasp it by the throat. The leopard seized his hand between its open jaws and at the same instant,

the claws of its left paw pierced Schreuder's hat and inflicted a severe wound above the temple. Schreuder tried to obtain a better footing as the struggle continued, but stepped into a hole and turned such a sommersault that the leopard was frightened and made a dash for the woods.



Interior of Entumeni Church. Schreuder's Picture on the Right

The adventure was not easily forgotten. The wound on his hand was extremely painful. For some time it was feared he would lose it and his life was almost despaired of. He could not move, but sat by a table with his hand on a cushion. Sleep was impossible.

When the wound began to close, he feared that it was not healing at the base, so he cut it open again.

"How could you do that yourself?" a friend asked him later.

"Who else should have done it?" was the reply.

New Fields for the Gospel

As the new missionaries became adjusted to the language and work, Schreuder was released from building and his time was spent in direct evangelistic work. He completed the translation of Luther's Small Catechism in 1855.

The same year he made an extended tour into the northwestern part of the country. He traveled on foot, and it was during the hottest season. He followed the Tugela through the beautiful Izude region, then over the open plateau along the tributary Umzinjati. This is the location of the remarkable spring which the Zulus say gives all the rain which blesses Zululand. In former days, a rainmaker who lived there churned rain in an earthen vessel. King Dingana had the famous man killed and since his vessel can not be found, no one has succeeded him in the art.

In that locality, Schreuder spent Christmas Eve. He sought a large kraal, and after his Christmas supper of corn-meal mush and milk, he told the wonderful story of the Christ Child and of God's love. The people were astonished that he could speak their language.

"If we did not see him, but only heard him, we certainly would believe him to be black."

"Hm," said another, "why, of course, he is black and a person. He differs from us in that he wears clothing, but otherwise he is indeed black."

"He is not only black and a real human, but he is an ox," declared a third, meaning that the missionary

could speak to them, and they could associate with him as unreservedly as with their own cattle.

The audience was attentive during the Christmas story, and many a listener held his breath in order to hear better.

"Today we are old (wise)," was the general exclamation when the service was ended, and others added, "Our poor ancestors died without hearing these things."

Obstinate Children

As the years passed and no one asked for Baptism, no one seemed to show any desire to become a Christian, the missionaries often became discouraged. Schreuder wrote: "It seems as though I have wasted my years and strength for these unwilling people. But then I reflect that it is well that I have wasted my own years and strength, for then I can begin to use the Lord's years and strength."

When the native children about the stations were asked to come to be instructed, the elders said: "It does not matter if we old folks come to hear you on Sunday, for we have shields about our hearts which the arrows of your word can not pierce, but the children are tender and soft, and it might happen that they be won by you and become 'amakolwa' (believers) and we do not want any such in our family."

When a person was touched by something in the sermon, he would not return for several Sundays, or until the influence had worn off. At one time the missionary persuaded a heathen father to send his children to the station for instruction. After a few days, the father came to the station and demanded wages

for the children's services to the white man because they were attending his school.

There was rejoicing when a Christian Zulu named Umbijane from Natal was engaged to work in the mission. He had been instructed and baptized by the American Mission. By trade he was a wagon-driver, but the missionaries used him to lead the evening devotions, and also to witness for Christ to the people. Not the least effective of his testimony was his faithfulness, no matter where he served, whether it be in guiding seven span of oxen along a rocky road, or leading a group of natives in evening prayer.

Faithfulness in service, the missionaries had learned from bitter experience, is not one of the virtues of the heathen. The missionary wrote about his native helpers, "They can not hit a post straight into the earth, nor strike a nail on the head. In a critical moment they will drop anything I have asked them to hold, in order to take a pinch of snuff."

Cetshwayo and Umbulazi

A great trial was in store. King Mpande had given each of his two sons, Cetshwayo and Umbulazi, a large tract of land. Both princes coveted the throne, and each gathered adherents about his kraal. Enmity increased and civil war ensued. Umbulazi's friends lived near the Entumeni Mission station. When they learned that Cetshwayo's army was coming, consternation seized them. Many sought refuge in Entumeni's dense woods, and at the station every room was filled with terrified natives. For three weeks they and their herds were Schreuder's uninvited guests. Cetshwayo sent a message that "Uhanise need have no fear, he would only punish Umbulazi."

The decisive battle took place (1856) near the Tugela, and Cetshwayo won a complete victory. Umbulazi was killed. Men, women and children who were suspected of having favored him, were slain. Schreuder sought Cetshwayo and the latter consented to spare the people about Entumeni, and even to save their herds. No sooner had these returned to their homes than a rumor spread that Umbulazi was living in Natal and gathering an army. The people were still frightened after the late battle, and before the missionary realized it, the whole population of about 20,000 living about the mission station, had fled to the four winds. "So we have to begin again from the beginning," mournfully wrote the missionary.

Cetshwayo, however, built three large kraals near Entumeni and a new population moved into the district. The prince was kindly disposed toward the missionary and large numbers came to the mission services.

At Umpumulo there was a greater interest in the Gospel message. Umbijane continued to serve the mission there. He began building a house for himself at the station during the spring of 1858; for he was engaged to a girl named Umatendjwaze, who had worked and been instructed in Larsen's house for four years. They planned to be married soon. Before we tell of their wedding, we shall tell of another of still greater interest.

Missionary Receives Helpmate

We turn our attention to Norway, to the home of Miss Louise Olsen where one of Bergen's ladies' aids was meeting. The women were busy with their handwork and discussing the needs of the foreign mission

field, especially that of Schreuder's work. They were sympathetic toward this missionary, his labors and difficulties. They believed his lonely state must be very trying. Then one spoke up and said:

"What if you, Emilie, go down there and help him!"

Two Sisters, Christian and Heathen

This statement was followed by exclamations from several others.

"Yes, you should go!"

The lady addressed was shocked at such a sugges-

tion, but the expression, "what if you," fastened itself in her heart, so that she found no peace before she had promised her Lord to go to Zululand.

Miss Emilie Adelheidt Lowenthal, born 1824 in Denmark had spent twelve years in Bergen. There she found her best and personal friend, her Savior. She had been occupied as a teacher until the call came to her to go to Africa as Schreuder's housekeeper. She arrived at Umpumulo in February, 1858, but Schreuder did not learn of her arrival before the middle of March. Even then he was unable to come to Umpumulo, partly because he was ill, but chiefly because he was preparing the natives for the festivities of Easter.

Meantime he sent an expression of hearty welcome to Miss Lowenthal, and asked her if she would be willing, not only to be his housekeeper, but to marry him. Schreuder came to Umpumulo on April ninth and then Miss Lowenthal promised to return with him to Entumeni as his wife. Miss Lowenthal and Schreuder were married on the twenty-fifth of April, 1858, and after the wedding ceremony, all the missionaries partook of the Lord's Supper.

The First Baptism

A few days later Umatendjwaze, Umbijane's betrothed asked to be prepared for baptism. The missionaries, needless to say, received her request with great joy. Schreuder began her final instructions without delay.

The long-awaited and long-prayed for day of the first baptism in the Zulu mission came June 6, 1858. The solemn service lasted three hours, and all the heathen gathered at the service were much impressed. The following day Umatendjwaze was married to

Umbijane and they moved into their new house. On behalf of the mission, Schreuder gave them a wedding gift consisting of a woolen blanket, a kettle, two tin plates and two pairs of forks and knives.

Great joy thrilled the hearts of the friends in Norway at the news of the first baptism. After more than fourteen years of patient labors, the Lord had honored their efforts, and prayers of praise were sent up to the Father in heaven from the hearts of thousands of Christians all over Norway. Landstad expressed the joy of all in a beautiful missionary hymn of thanksgiving:

("Opløft dit syn, o kristen sjæl.")

"O Christian soul, lift up thine eyes,
The dew falls gently from the skies,
The spring of souls is nearing.
The precious seed, the word of truth,
In heathen ground has taken root,
Good news our heart is cheering."

CHAPTER 7

The Penetration of Zululand

THE baptism of the first Zulu Christian helped scatter the darkness of the previous years. It heralded the glorious dawn and brought new hope into the hearts of the missionaries. At the end of the year, there were six more candidates for baptism at Umpumulo, and these were baptized the following July.

Before long Schreuder had the joy of receiving one of his own Zulu boys into the congregation, a son of a former acquaintance, Mkonto. The boy showed a sincere change of heart and was well-grounded in the faith. Upon baptism he was christened Johanese Hogwalstad, after the well-known mission friend, Jon Haugvalstad, who had passed away a few years before.

The conversion of Johanese caused such an awakening among Schreuder's Zulu boys that thirteen asked for special preparation for baptism. Seven of these were so well-grounded in the truth and will of God that they were baptized in the beginning of 1860.

Three of Oftebro's boys from Empangeni were present at Johanese's baptism and these were also stirred with a desire to become Christians. These formerly lazy and dull fellows learned the Small Catechism and Luther's Explanation in a very short time. At their baptism, Schreuder's thirteen boys, also Johanese and two baptized boys from Umpumulo, were present.

It was a time of great refreshing for the weary laborers to hear these promising young Zulu boys united in love to Jesus and His Word, sing: "Blessed Jesus at

Thy Word." No wonder the missionaries rejoiced and Oftebro said: "We are as if in a dream."

Thirty souls were added to the Christian congregations in four years. The reports from the field after this period told about much progress everywhere. At first the problem was to win the heathen for the Lord; now they must be kept for Him. Many of the newly baptized were but babes in Christ and needed much admonition, encouragement, and care, in order to grow spiritually in their heathen environment. The situation became simpler when the Christians began to build and to live on the station grounds.

The three stations already founded were Umpumulo, Empangeni, and Entumeni. To these Mahlabatini was added in 1860. This station was situated near the king's kraal, and in one way it was the heart of the land. Schreuder remained there a long time in spite of the famine from which the district suffered.

"For a week at the time," Schreuder said, "I often ate nothing but mush made from sour, spoiled corn, and after this was washed down with water, it did not seem that I had eaten food but wooden shavings. However, the Lord gave us much refreshing of spirit in that many came to seek God's Word and we realized that the weary years of irregular preaching were bearing fruit. This encourages us in the thought that if we faint not, we shall see greater things than these."

The following year (1861), the Eshowe station, fourteen miles east from Entumeni, was established. Prince Cetshwayo had built a large kraal in that vicinity and he expressed the desire that Oftebro, who had been a neighbor in high favor at Empangeni, should move near his new residence.

Schreuder, on his many journeys about the land, had

Face to Face with the Lord's Messenger

always kept an open eye for places suitable as mission stations. One of these was the beautiful Ihlazatshe, about twenty miles northwest of Mahlabatini. Here the mission was granted permission to build a station (1862) near the table mountain bearing the same name.

Halfway between Mahlabatini and Entumeni lies Imfule. Though some work had been done there earlier, definite station work was not begun until 1863.

Ten ordained missionaries and several lay workers came from Norway to occupy the new field. Of these we mention: P. Wettergren in 1861; J. Kielland in 1863; M. Dahle, G. Gundersen, H. C. Leisegang, K. Titlestad, P. Nilsen, and O. Stenberg in 1865; O. Tjomsland, K. Skaar and O. Stavem in 1869.

War Averted by Schreuder

Cetshwayo called a large number of his warriors and chiefs together to hunt game in the forest between Entumeni and the Tugela river (1861). These men came all prepared for the hunt with spears and knobkerries, and there were wild scenes of joy and shouts as they went through their hunting dances. But rumors flew across the Tugela river into Natal that Cetshwayo was on the warpath with twenty thousand warriors, and that he intended to invade Natal.

Not to run any risk, the English in Natal sent a number of soldiers to the boundary. This caused rumors to fly the other way and Cetshwayo was himself thrown into a panic. He thought the English were concentrating soldiers there and that they planned to invade Zululand. He sent an urgent message to Schreuder to come to his kraal. This Schreuder did, for he realized that should hostilities break out, the missionaries would be in great danger.

Upon his arrival at the camp, Schreuder found the prince and his chiefs in full battle array and gathered for a council of war. Their speeches and gestures were fearful beyond words.

He tried to pacify them, and explained that the English had no intention of invading Zululand. But the prince would not believe him and in a moment of anger, he gave two shining spears to an executioner who was standing behind the missionary. Schreuder observed this action and turned half-way toward the man with the weapon, all the while talking and keeping his composure. After some very tense moments during which Schreuder as he mentioned later, thought that his last moment had come, the prince turned to the executioner with this command: "Set the spears aside so that nobody is injured." The life of the missionary had been spared.

On his way home Schreuder met a messenger carrying letters and documents which proved plainly that the English soldiers had no intention of making war on Zululand. With this information he returned to the prince and this time he succeeded in persuading him to recall his army and not to attack the English. Thus a terrible catastrophe to both the Zulus and the English was averted and the mission work was saved.

Visit to Norway

Twenty-three years had passed since Schreuder left Norway to open up the new mission field in South Africa. With untiring energy he had labored for the evangelization of the Zulus and had not even taken a furlough during all these years. The work in Zululand

had expanded on all sides, so that there were seven main stations and ten missionaries on the field.

The Mission Society in Norway decided that they would call Schreuder home and honor him by having him ordained as bishop. This was done also in order that the work in Zululand would have a more organized character. He left for Norway in 1866 and was ordained in the Bergen cathedral on July 8, the same year. Several thousand persons were gathered in the cathedral to see the first man ordained to be a Mission Bishop in the Church of Norway. His interesting personality caused considerable comment. Many esteemed and almost idolized him, others found him rather autocratic, but they all respected him.

A few weeks after the ordination, Schreuder left Norway with his wife and returned to his beloved Zulus. Miss Johanne Vedeler accompanied them to their field.

Madagascar Mission Established

About this time the Society decided to start a new mission field in Madagascar, an island about nine hundred miles northeast of Durban. Schreuder was requested to investigate the possibilities of such a mission. He left for Madagascar in 1865 but only traveled as far as Mauritius, an island east of Madagascar. There he was greatly encouraged by the information he received.

"It appears to me that a mission field in Madagascar at this time is especially opportune," he reported.

The next year he went to Norway and was ordained bishop. His enthusiasm for the new field in Madagascar inspired the friends to a greater effort. He visited the prospective field in 1867 to establish the work. He

Anton, Christian Chief at Entumeni, Second from Left. Lutuli on the Right

had an audience with Queen Rasoherina and was received with fine courtesy. The fact that Schreuder had become an English citizen (1849) helped the Society much in securing admission to the land, since the government of Madagascar was kindly disposed towards the English. He made another trip to the island in 1869 accompanied by seven young men who had recently come from Norway as missionaries to Madagascar. He spent two months at Tananarive and in visiting the new field south of the Capital. Today this Society in Madagascar has more than seventy-five missionaries and a membership of about one hundred and thirty-five thousand Christians.

On Schreuder's trip in 1867 he was accompanied by a Christian Zulu, Simon Lutuli. It was he alone who

was brave enough to cross the great ocean which others whom Schreuder had taken as far as Durban refused to dare. No wonder that his people considered him a hero for the deed. Their boat stopped at Fort Dauphin and Schreuder visited this port city in the southern part, which later became the center for the mission work of our Church. Lutuli never tired of telling about this journey across the vast expanse of water. He lived to the ripe old age of about one hundred years. (Died 1932.)

Three New Stations

In 1869 Schreuder asked Cetshwayo for three additional sites for new stations and the petition was granted graciously, although the prince had developed a bitter feeling against missions in general. The first of these opened was Ekutembeni (In Hope), begun in 1869, in the western part of Zululand. The second was Umbonambi near the coast (1869). The third was Hlabisa (1871), the station located farthest north in Zululand. Thus ten stations had been established by 1871.

Schreuder Begins New Mission

A more liberal form of organization for the foreign mission fields had been adopted by the home constituency of the Norwegian Missionary Society. Schreuder felt out of harmony with these new tendencies and it became increasingly difficult for him to work under these new conditions. A conviction grew in his heart that he ought to separate himself from the Society and establish a mission field of his own. After much thought and prayer, he decided to leave the service of the Society.

The Society did not wish to have him leave them and offered him an independent position on the field, so that he would still be connected with them. He decided that it would be best for him to have a mission field of his own and so he resigned (June, 1873) from his position as head of the Zulu and Madagascar mission fields.

Shortly after his resignation, a committee was formed in Christiania to support him and his work. This was called the "Committee for the Church of Norway Mission established by Schreuder." He retained the Entumeni station because he had received this location from King Mpande. The other nine stations remained in the hands of the Society.

Crowning a Zulu King

The old Zulu king, Mpande, died in 1872. The Zulus stopped in their daily occupations as if stunned, but a decree was issued at the royal kraal that the fields should be planted as if nothing had happened. Nobody dared mention the word "dead" in connection

The Dwelling of the Missionary at Hlabisa

with the king's name. At the most they would whisper: "The king is sick." Indirectly the missionaries learned what had happened.

There was no doubt but that Cetshwayo would be the Zulu king, but the missionaries anticipated no favors from him. For many years he had been friendly to them and had listened attentively to the explanation of God's Word. But he had hardened his heart, for he wished to become a Zulu king like his predecessors, especially like Tshaka. He felt he must root out these new teachings.

The missionaries, he said, were of no use to him since they brought him no guns. Formerly when Uhanise and a few of his friends were there alone, it did not matter. He did not like the large number of new missionaries, they were "only little boys." The greatest nuisance of all was the increasing number of believers among the Zulus. He would try to rid the country of the source of the evil, the missionaries.

Cetshwayo had another ambition. He wished to be recognized by the English as king of Zululand. It was a difficult matter, however, for he was not on good terms with the English. His messengers were not received at the Natal Capital, Pietermaritzburg.

In this quandary he bethought himself of Uhanise who had often proven himself a useful friend. The missionary was willing, and he succeeded in opening the governor's door to the king. As a result, a party from Pietermaritzburg headed by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, was sent to Zululand to crown Cetshwayo.

The coronation took place September 1, 1873, near the station Mahlabatini. Norwegian and English flags waved in the breeze. It was a colorful event. English officials were there in brilliant uniforms. Around them

was an audience of about seven thousand Zulus, "dressed up" in cows' tails and other finery. Shepstone quoted the new law of the land. No more secret executions could take place in Zululand. The chiefs consented to a public hearing in all trials.

After this Shepstone took Cetshwayo into a tent and seated him upon a throne, a chair made by Schreuder. A crown was placed on his head, and a red and gold mantle, made by Mrs. Schreuder, on his shoulders. The attendants were Schreuder, an English missionary named Robertson, and a few others. Upon Cetshwayo's reappearance, the Zulus beat their shields and greeted their king in wild ecstasy.

Schreuder with the help of Sir Theophilus availed himself of this occasion to secure the Zulu king's permission to let the missionaries remain in the land. He also arranged that his right to the tract of land about Entumeni, containing about 16,000 acres which had been given to him by the former King Mpande, was acknowledged officially by the king.

The mission was not permitted to retain all of this land, however, after Zululand was annexed by the English. The Natal government finally (1923) granted the Entumeni station 200 acres and organized a mission reserve of 6000 acres. They placed Anton Luhlongwane, who was a member of the Entumeni Church, as chief over this district.

Untunjambili

"The Lord be praised, my desire and ability to continue work in His vineyard is unbroken," Schreuder said. "The congregation here at Entumeni is growing in numbers and strength. We are now seeking to prepare the most promising Christians to become the teachers of their own people."

As the work was extended at Entumeni, Schreuder bethought himself of a place of refuge for these people in case there was more trouble with the king. A few miles south of the Tugela he found a suitable location about thirty-five hundred feet above sea level which he bought (3000 acres) and where he built the station Untunjambili (1874).

The view from the heights of Untunjambili is one of the most beautiful on the field. Seated on the veranda of the dwelling-house which Schreuder built, we looked across the Tugela valley. In the foreground the Umanyeletu mountain and the Untunjambili rock keep watch. Below, the river meanders in three beautiful curves between Natal's dark woods and Zululand's soft green grass-covered knolls. Beyond these we see an ocean of hills, of undulating green which softens in color and line as the distance increases and draws a veil over it. In the east they descend to the Indian Ocean, seventy miles away. Towards the north the view is obstructed by the plateaus of Zululand, and the trees of Entumeni are seen faintly as a blue scalloped hand on the horizon.

The Untunjambili rock is joined to the main plateau by means of a narrow strip of mountain. Formerly there were two holes through this strip, one above the other. Thus the place was named Untunjambili, the native name for two holes. The top of the knoll is crowned by a dense clump of trees. Hence the Dutch name Kranskop. These trees are a favorite playground for the monkeys. They leap from one branch to another scoffing gleefully at the precipices below. The haunt is theirs, for it is practically inaccessible to human beings.

By the aid of natives whom he had trained and directed, Schreuder built the most necessary houses at Untunjambili, the missionary's dwelling and schoolhouse combined. He also began the construction of the church.

During the remaining years of his life, he directed the work at Entumeni and Untunjambili. A few weeks were spent at the one to prepare a class for Baptism, then he would move to the other to conduct Communion Services and to strengthen the Christians. His greatest joy was to see that his labors bore fruit. The numbers seeking baptism and also the Lord's Table increased steadily. He found a faithful friend and helper in a sincere Zulu Christian named Samson, of whom we shall learn more later.

Schreuder needed this encouragement, for he had labored long and felt his physical strength ebbing away. After the hard and wearisome journeys between the two stations, he was often so overcome with fatigue that he had to rest several days before he could move about or speak to the natives. He was no longer young and his great strength had been overtaxed. He also suffered from an ailment of the knee which caused him great pain in his journeys afoot.

Death of Mrs. Schreuder

While Schreuder and his wife were at Entumeni, Miss Vedeler directed the work at Untunjambili. But now one of these faithful workers was taken from him. His wife, his beloved Emilie, became ill.

"Although the good Lord understood the situation perfectly," he wrote, "I told Him plainly that if He wished me to continue my labors here He must let me keep my wife, at least for the sake of the mission."

But the Lord gave him strength to bear the loss. Emilie passed away in February, 1878, at Untunjambili. Her husband made the coffin, assisted by a few Dutch friends. He conducted her funeral services alone, while many Zulu friends stood by in deep sorrow and sympathy.

The Great Zulu War

Shortly after the death of Schreuder's wife, the great Zulu war broke out. It had been evident for some time that Cetshwayo had no intention of keeping the new law proclaimed by Father "Somtsen" (Shepstone) or the admonitions given him by Father Uhanise.

Fearful Zulu customs abolished by King Mpande were brought into practice. "Smelling out" for witchcraft multiplied manifold. A killing-off of Christians was begun. In March, 1877, one of the new believers was murdered at a German mission station. The murderer claimed as his excuse that the Christian had been giving out poison which he had received from Schreuder. It was known that the missionary had killed wild animals by poison at Entumeni, but not even the king had been able to secure any of the poison for himself, and it was evident that the accusation was a lie formulated by the murderer.

A few days later Maqumuzela suffered a martyr's death at Eshowe. He had attended worship and sought the Kingdom for several years. Finally he made his decision. He would become a Christian, no matter what the king would do. Not long after this, one of the chiefs sent a group of men to do away with Maqumuzela. They found him out in the fields and stated their errand. He had forsaken the ancestral spirits and the king and, therefore, he must die. He asked

for permission to pray to his God first. That was granted. After the prayer he arose and said: "Now I am ready."

One of the party was to shoot him, but the gun would not go off. The man became frightened. Perhaps it was dangerous to meddle with one who belonged to Unkulunkulu. Another, however, mustered

King Cetshwayo of the Zulus

courage to fire again. He succeeded and Maqumuzela received a martyr's crown in glory.

The government of Natal sent strong protests to Cetshwayo. He was openly and on a grand scale breaking his promise of abandoning secret murders. The king met these reminders with contempt. He told them that he had not yet begun to kill and that his soldiers wished to dip their spears in blood.

At Empangeni a Christian from Natal was murdered. It was not strange that the Christians at all the stations became extremely nervous and that as many as possible hastened across the border to Natal.

By the middle of June (1878) the large majority of these had escaped, and the missionaries there also moved into the colony. Only Schreuder remained in Zululand at Entumeni and the Christians of the region were induced to stay there temporarily.

Schreuder felt very much discouraged about the situation at the other stations. He was sixty-one years old, and was as much alone as he had been twenty-five years before when the Entumeni station was begun. The fruit of thirty years of hard labor had vanished as though blown away. He had journeyed on foot, he had been weary, but he had persevered. Through his personal efforts the king had granted sites for a large number of stations. He had trusted that they would be beacon lights in the dark country. Instead they were now deserted and a prey to the rapacity of the heathen round about.

Panic increased in the land and it became impossible to keep the Entumeni congregation pacified any longer. With a heavy heart Schreuder followed his people to Untunjambili lest they be scattered like sheep without a shepherd.

The king sought the advice of Schreuder on several occasions and the latter incessantly admonished him to abide by the demands of the new law. Cetshwayo would not listen to this. He would be a Tshaka and he would kill to suit himself. The British ultimatum came to the king in December, 1878, but the Zulu monarch did not deign to reply. He only increased in his barbarism.

When the time of the ultimatum had expired, English troops crossed the Tugela (January, 1879). Proper precautions by way of spies and consideration of the Zulu methods of warfare had not been taken, and part of the English army suffered absolute defeat.

The Zulus turned unspeakably savage by this victory. All of Natal was terror-stricken, and they had reason to fear. The victors raced down to the Tugela, swinging their shiny spears in the air as they uttered their piercing war cries. Schreuder had difficulty in keeping his flock together at Untunjambili. Later he learned that the king had ordered his men to spare Schreuder as well as his stations and people. When one part of the army passed through the Entumeni region, the "induna" ordered his troops to go around and not through the mission property. He knew that the desire to plunder might overcome his commands if the temptation became too great. Thus Entumeni was spared, but all the stations of the Norwegian Missionary Society and of other missions, were looted or demolished.

In June reinforcements strengthened the British army in Natal. On July fourth the decisive battle between them and Cetshwayo took place at the king's kraal Ulundi. The power of the Zulu monarchy was broken forever. Cetshwayo was taken captive and sent to England, but was later allowed to return as chief of a large division of Zululand.

Under the new administration, the country was divided into thirteen districts, following the boundaries which existed before Tshaka. The law of trial for all persons accused of crime was upheld. As far as possible, however, Zulu customs and traditions were left as the law of the land, enforced by Zulu chiefs who

were appointed by, and held the confidence of, the new government.

When peace was restored Schreuder continued his blessed work at Entumeni and Untunjambili. In the fall of 1879 he was married to Miss Johanne Vedeler. Together they labored for the one cause, to prosper the will of the Lord among the Zulus.

Last Days and Death of Schreuder

The church at Untunjambili was not yet completed. This became the last great accomplishment of the pioneer missionary. One day while sitting in the sacristy of the Untunjambili church, Rev. Johs. Astrup called my attention to a page in the old church journal, written in the Norwegian language in Schreuder's own hand.

This is a part of that day's entry: "On February 16, 1881, the Memorial Church at Untunjambili was dedicated. Three years exactly had passed since the blessed departure of Emilie Schreuder. The church was built beside her grave, the first in the cemetery.

"At this dedication the Rev. Otto Witt of the Swedish Church Mission in Africa assisted. The opening address which I gave was based on Ps. 84:11, that is, on what the faithful and grateful Christians felt and expressed upon the blessings of having a house dedicated to the Lord.

"The church was built on this spot as a memorial to my departed wife. It is not a tombstone inscribed with dead letters, but one in which will be expressed the voice of the Lord in the Word, the Baptism and the Holy Communion."

A few days before Christmas (1881), Schreuder was thrown off his horse and sustained an internal injury.

Bishop Schreuder's Grave at Untunjambili

He was at Untunjambili where he had come to celebrate Christmas. His condition improved somewhat, so that he was able to attend and assist at the services for worship in the new church on New Year's day.

He did not seem to realize that it was his last appearance in the pulpit. Complications ensued, however, and aggravated his condition. He had not been strong for some time. The native Christians gathered in the church and besought the Father not to leave them without a shepherd, but the Lord found it best to call him home at that time. He passed away on January 27, 1882. His last words were: "Come, Lord Jesus, Come! Come!"

He was laid to rest at Untunjambili in the shelter of the new church, beneath the trees which he planted and which still stand there in his memory. Every

Sunday morning hymns of praise to the Lord waft from the church over his tomb. Over two thousand souls have there joined the congregation of believers. So the missionary rests from his labors, but his works do follow him.

At his death Schreuder had spent thirty-nine years on the mission field. He was the first missionary sent from Norway, wholly supported by his countrymen and about whom the new mission interest in that land centered and expressed itself. He opened Zululand for the Gospel after attempts by others had failed. The Zulus called him "Umankankanana," a name given to him by King Mpande. His influence with the king secured a permanent place for missions in the land. He was the founder of two Norwegian Zulu missions, and by his guidance the Hermansburg (1854) and the Swedish Missions (1877) were established in the country.

Truly this contemporary of Livingstone inscribed his influence on the heart of the Zulus as the other pioneer missionary had done in Nyassaland of the north. Two years previous to Schreuder's landing in South Africa, Livingstone arrived for the first time. The two pioneers opened up new territories for the Lord, became the friends of native kings, fought with wild animals, won the confidence and love of great tribes, and stirred up interest in their homelands and all over the world in the new enterprises. Livingstone died in 1873; Schreuder continued to serve the Lord until 1882. Schreuder may justly be called "The Apostle of Zululand."

CHAPTER 8

Building for the Future

"UMANKANKANANA is no more," cried the Zulu Christians, as they clustered about the bereaved missionary's wife.

The two mission stations were left without a shepherd. Schreuder's wife took charge of both of them with admirable courage, although her dear one had passed away and the situation demanded a strength which she did not possess. Her position and loss she felt more keenly as the young converts looked to her for direction.

Therefore, because of these expressions of dependence upon her, and because of her own helplessness, she sent the following appeal to the Mission Committee in Norway:

"When you receive this message, you will already have heard about our dear bishop's and my precious husband's departure. It is so heavy a blow that I can hardly realize it. It is my hope and comfort that the same loving God, who in His incomprehensible wisdom has found it best to lay His hand so heavily upon our poor mission and myself, who now stand alone and do not know where to begin or to end, will also pour His healing oil into our deep wound.

"That which urges me to write to you today is not to speak about my great loss. That is a personal matter which I, by God's great and gracious help and strength, must seek to bear in quiet patience and trust in His will.

"But it is the cry of woe from the two congregations

which, at their request, I wish to bring to you at home. They have begged me to call to you with all my strength, that you may not only sit quietly and listen to the message of the death of their father and teacher, but that you may send them help, a faithful and strong teacher like the old one. From the innermost recesses of my heart comes the same plea: Come and help!

"I would be glad, if it were my Lord's will, to go to rest with my two dear ones. All these things weigh upon me very heavily. But the Lord, in whose service I am, and to whom I cling, will lead me with His Spirit and give me wisdom to deal justly.

"This must suffice at this time. I am not very well and am unable to write any more.

"You are greeted, by yours in grief bowed down.

Johanne Schreuder."

Untunjambili, Feb. 4, 1882.

The Call of Nils Astrup

Feelings of deep concern filled the hearts of the mission friends when they read this message. In one parsonage in Norddalen, Norway, the whole family had become very grave; for the pastor felt the cry of the letter was a call from his Lord to offer himself for the cause in Schreuder's place. There were five children, the oldest ten years old, the youngest two months. Besides these, there was a son by adoption, who later became the Rev. C. Døving. To the mother the call to go to Africa was indeed a challenge. But she did not waver.

This pastor, Nils Astrup, was born in Grue, Norway, in 1843, the same year that Schreuder left for Zululand. He came from an old family of many pastors and professional people. He also was given every

opportunity to receive a good education. In 1860 he completed the prescribed studies for the Arts degree, and in 1861 he received the Philosophy degree. He then studied law, but a great struggle arose within him. He found no peace until in 1865, when he promised the Lord to be His servant, "when, where, and in the manner in which He would have him."

With peace in his soul, he completed his studies with honors in 1866. For some time he was his father's deputy, as the latter was a sorenskriver (magistrate) in the government service. Through intense Bible study, he felt that he must take up the study of Theology. In this he excelled, and his deep study of the Scriptures was a blessing to him throughout all his life.

In his parish at Norddalen, he had become greatly beloved, for he was a true shepherd to his congregation. The letters of Schreuder had been followed with deep interest and prayers in the Astrup home and pul-

Nils Astrup

Mrs. Nils Astrup

pit. Nevertheless it was a great surprise to hear of his decision to go to Zululand as a missionary.

Rev. Nils Astrup and his family arrived at Untunjambili in June, 1883. The study of the language progressed with astonishing speed. In October, he conducted a meeting for worship with the natives and baptized six girls who had been prepared by Mrs. Schreuder after the death of her husband. On Christmas Eve of the same year, he entertained a number of Zulu guests in his home and during the evening, while they were present, he translated Luther's hymn, "Be Thou Praised, Lord Jesus Christ." (Du være lovet, Jesu Krist.) Before the end of the year, he had baptized twelve adults and thirteen children.

In the coming of Nils Astrup, Mrs. Johanne Schreuder was enabled to return to Norway to seek rest and recuperation after her strenuous labors. She was granted a pension by the King and lived in Bergen until her death in 1897.

Hans J. S. Astrup Answers the Call

There was also another pastor who had felt the call of the Lord to Zululand when Schreuder died. This was Nils Astrup's younger brother Hans, born in 1852, and pastor in Søndre Land, Norway. When Nils Astrup, unconscious of his brother's intentions, offered his services, Hans Astrup abandoned the thought of becoming a missionary. Later, however, when Nils Astrup sent him an urgent appeal to come to his assistance (October, 1883), the younger brother responded immediately. He arrived at Untunjambili in July, 1884, and a week later he settled at Entumeni. Before three months had elapsed, he was able to conduct the Sunday services in Zulu.

The new missionaries grew in the regard of the Zulus. Each became their trusted "baba" (father) as Schreuder had been. On one occasion two chiefs, Gayede and Hlangabeza, who lived near Untunjambili, quarreled about a very small matter, and began fighting. The armies were camped near the Tugela river. The strife had begun. Some were wounded, others had fallen.

When Nils Astrup heard of the battle, he took his faithful evangelist Samson with him and went down

H. J. S. Astrup

Johs. Astrup

into the valley, on the dry river-bed. As he took his stand in front of the two armies, he raised his cane into the air and called out, "Hlangabeza and Gayede, cease your fighting until I have spoken with you." He parleyed with the one and then with the other, with the result that both chiefs told their men to go home. Then Astrup went to work to nurse the wounded and to bury the dead.

Samson proved a help and friend to the new missionaries. He had been Schreuder's evangelist and he was well acquainted with the work of the mission. In his early youth, Schreuder had taken him into his

home, together with two others, to train them as evangelists. The two of them failed him, chiefly because of political agitations. Samson stood every test. He refused to be involved in the nets of agitators. With earnestness and humility, he made progress in knowledge and piety. Schreuder appointed him as precentor at the Untunjambili church, and there he read the opening and closing prayer and led the singing every Sunday morning for over forty years.

In the mission school Samson was a faithful and able teacher. Reading and the Catechism were his chief subjects of instruction, but he also gave lessons in other subjects, such as geography and history. Sometimes, when his pupils appeared listless or the respect for his learning would wane, he took his Norwegian Bible off the shelf and read aloud. The pupils were duly impressed. Samson had learned from Schreuder to read and speak Norwegian. His aptitude for languages was considerable. Once when Nils Astrup visited him, Astrup was astonished to see Hebrew letters painted on his walls.

"Where did you learn that?" inquired the missionary.

"Oh, I learned them from your book in the sacristy," replied Samson.

He was no Samson in physical appearance. His body was slight, but he had a fine spirit, a childlike faith, and even in his old age, he was tireless in walking over mountains and valleys as an evangelist. He had a heart of gold and a goodly amount of humor, which helped him through many a difficulty.

While visiting at Untunjambili, we were impressed with what expression Samson read the prayers at the Sunday services. The warmth and sincerity of his per-

Hans Astrup Shepherds His Flock at an Outstation

sonality made a solemn impression on the congregation and prepared them for the preaching of the Word which followed.

Samson lived to the ripe old age of 99 years, continuing to the end in the work he loved, witnessing for Christ about Untunjambili. In 1931, he passed on to the home of his Savior. The beloved evangelist was dark of complexion, but we know that in the home above, he is a beaming light for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Training the Youth

The Astrups were missionaries with a vision. They set as their goal a Zulu church that would be self-propagating, self-governing, and self-supporting. They realized that the first step was an adequate program of education.

Small catechumen schools had begun at the main stations. These were continued and a large number of new ones begun in the villages throughout the country. When it was found possible to begin such a school for a number of kraals, a Christian man of established character and, as a rule, married, was sent to them as a teacher. He brought simple reading books with him, a small blackboard, a few slates, and pencils. If he didn't have a blackboard, he wrote the letters on the ground. The pupils sat or stood around as the instructor gave the name of each letter. They giggled and nudged each other as they recognized the sounds of their own tongue.

The striking peculiarity of the Zulu language is the clicks, probably originating in a desire to suit the sound of the word to the thing signified. There are three

kinds of clicks: the dental, which is made by placing the tip of the tongue upon the front teeth and then withdrawing it suddenly to produce a sharp kind of hissing sound to make the letter "c"; the palatal click, made by forcibly withdrawing with a loud "cluck," the flat of the tongue from the roof of the mouth and thereby expressing the letter "q"; the lateral click, expressed by forcibly withdrawing the tongue from the side teeth as we are wont to do when urging a horse forward, thereby making the letter "x."

There are also several lesser clicks. One of these is found only in a few words and is pronounced as a strangled guttural from the bottom of the throat. Only Zulus and very few whites, can correctly express it. The Zulu language is open and harmonious because of the frequency of the vowels and because of its euphony.

There were some things which distinguished the teacher from the rest of the men of the village. He wore clothing, and the others did not. He washed himself every day; the others rubbed their bodies with oil. Books spoke to him, but not to them. He had learned the Gospel of a God and a Savior from sin. The heathen did not know a God of love, but bowed before the ancestral spirits. He had learned a new law of gentleness to suffering, of temperance and purity of life. The heathen indulged in drunkenness; they were cruel to the feeble, and their entertainments were characterized by unchastity.

Though the intellectual attainments of the teacher were small, he was the educated man of the village, and directed his pupils towards the Light. He began his school under the open sky or in the shadow of a tree. After the hours of instruction, he helped his

students draw a large circle on the ground and began the building of a Zulu hut. In a few months the school building was completed, and it was by far the most popular house in town.

Hans Astrup began immediately to develop schools of a higher order. Singing, writing, and a little arithmetic were added to the curriculum, although the

Slates Make Good Head Coverings. An Outstation School

Catechism and Bible History were the two main subjects. Since Zululand had become an English colony, the missionary realized the need of introducing a little English reading and conversation. The Zulus have much musical talent and their aptitude in rendering the Lutheran hymns is marvelous.

The Zulu language does not lend itself as well to arithmetic as it does to music. The date 1899, for example, is expressed: inkulungwane namakulu a isishi-

yangalombili namashumi a isishingalolunye nesishiyangalolunye. Evidently the Zulu tongue does not readily adapt itself to the multiplication table. The Zulu counts on his fingers and commences with the left hand little finger. Number six is called "isitupa," the thumb; seven is "isikombisa," the index finger; eight is "isishiyangalombili," let two remain; and nine is "isishiyangalolunye," let one remain.

In 1894, Hans Astrup published a Church History in Zulu for the advanced pupils. That same year the mission schools entered upon a new era, one of rapid progress. They received additional support from the government, which now began its system of grants. The primary schools were to have five classes or standards, and after the annual government inspection, the grant was received. This was based on the number of pupils, their attendance, and the character of the school as a whole. One hour for religious instruction was granted each day.

The first inspectors were the magistrates, who sometimes knew little of school supervision. But they come to inspect the work of men who were laboring, not for worldly gain, but for the sake of the Great Teacher Jesus Christ; men who had shown willingness to sacrifice all, even life, for their calling; men who wished to give the Zulus the very best support possible. The magistrates could trust them in doing what was right to the government-aided schools. This fine spirit of understanding and appreciation has always prevailed between the missionaries and the inspectors. In 1898, the first school inspector was appointed. For many years, Mr. Plant visited our schools, and he was always a welcome guest at the mission stations.

At all our main stations and also at many of the sub-

stations, there are such aided Christian schools. You will never find these village schools on the map of Africa and perhaps only a few of the larger schools are marked there. But in the schools are found the mints where the gold of the new childhood is coined. The child who finishes his schooldays, is stamped for service, and a position of responsibility in the neighborhood where he lives.

The government-aided school at Untunjambili has over two hundred pupils and six native teachers, besides the missionary who has charge of all the classes in religion. The principal of the school is Alvina Ndimande, and she has taught at Untunjambili for twenty-four years. The other teachers were formerly her pupils. She is unusually capable and diligent. She rises first at early dawn to ring the bell for morning prayers. After devotions, she supervises the work of the schoolgirls who live at the station. From that time until noon, she is busy in the schoolroom. We were not surprised at the missionary's exclamation, "Miss Ndimande is wonderful."

One morning while at Untunjambili, we made a trip down the mountain side to the large Edambe outstation. In the early days, Nils Astrup had chopped a road along the side of the mountain in order to reach this place. There were a few steps and then we let ourselves down a ledge. We grasped a branch and then a root of a tree and kept as far as possible from the abyss gaping on the side of the path.

We finally reached the bottom and the scene before us was beautiful indeed. The school house was artistically located on a small plain framed by high hills on all sides. The native teacher greeted us very cor-

This Is the Way We Plait and Weave

dially, invited us into Pastor Shandu's home, and served us with Zulu refreshments.

The school was exemplary in its order, neatness and thrift. We were interested in seeing the industrial work products, baskets from reeds and grasses, and wood-carvings. There was also a fine school garden. The lines of the garden beds were not round as is usual in Zululand, but of differing harmonious shapes, which made an interesting composite. No wonder the government school inspector of Natal praised her for having one of the finest school gardens in the colony.

Before our departure back to Untunjambili with Rev. Johs. Astrup, the school sang the "Hallelujah" chorus in Zulu. The melody still rang in our ears as we climbed up the steep path. We were so happy and

enthusiastic that we did not find the ascent as difficult as we had feared.

The Vision of Nils Astrup

The increasing number of schools required continually more teachers. The preaching in the kraals called for evangelists. It was obvious that the white men would never be able to preach to the large number of villages. Furthermore, the missionaries felt that the most effective witnessing to the Zulus could be done by Zulus, if only these were filled with true love and zeal for Christ. Very soon after his arrival, therefore, Nils Astrup began to give special training to classes of Christians who seemed qualified to become pastors and evangelists.

His missionary zeal extended further than to the stations of his own diocese. Schreuder had learned from the great missionary Moffat that he must open the way for the Gospel towards the north, so that it might pass victoriously on to the tribes there, the first cousins of the Zulus. Nils Astrup felt called to contribute his efforts to that end.

With this purpose in mind he journeyed on foot (1889) through the wildernesses as far north as to the Limpopo river of Transvaal. It was a round trip of over one thousand miles and it took three months to complete the journey. The climate in this region was unfavorable and even his Zulu helpers were laid low by malaria fever. Cannibalism was not unknown in those regions and ferocious animals abounded. But the missionary kept on with undaunted determination. He swam rivers which he knew were full of crocodiles. During one day's travel he saw twenty-one of them. Committing himself and his traveling com-

panion, Carl Døving, to his Lord and Keeper, he was undeterred of the monsters and terrors which surrounded him.

The journey accomplished its purpose. Astrup had previously learned about the large Zulu clans who had emigrated northward into this territory during the reign of Tshaka, nearly sixty years earlier. This bloodthirsty monarch had caused many of the leading chiefs of his people to rebel against him. These head-men were jealous of his power and decided to break away from him.

One of these "indunas," named Mzilikazi, (drinker of blood) gathered a group of several thousand discontented warriors about him and separated from Tshaka. This band traveled northwest from Zululand into Transvaal about the year 1826. Here they spread terror and destruction just as their former master had done. They were driven out of Transvaal by the Boers. They, then, trekked northward into southern Rhodesia. Here they settled down in the land of the former Monomatapa empire, overcame the Makalanga people, and formed the Matabele tribe. The Matabele warriors became the fiercest men in battle, overcoming or scattering all opposition.

Another chief named Manukusa decided to do the same thing. He gathered several hundred warriors and journeyed northward into what is now called Portuguese East Africa. They chose the valley along the Sabi river as their future home and they are found there today.

Still a third group led by Zwangendaba separated themselves from Tshaka. They traveled northward and for a time united with the Manukusa clan along the Sabi. But they quarreled, and so Zwangendaba decided

to go farther north. He crossed the Zambesi river, went through Nyassaland and settled along the eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika. His warriors plundered and murdered every village or clan which opposed them. Many joined them in order to save their own lives. Livingstone and Stanley wrote about this fierce tribe, which they met in their travels through central Africa.

In later years, the Zulu immigrants became more and more mixed with the local groups in the districts where they had settled. Their language absorbed words and expressions from the speech of the vanquished. These adaptations did not change the integrity of the Zulu language, however. It retained its forms and peculiarities of clicks, of harmony, and much of its vocabulary.

Nils Astrup verified to his own satisfaction that the vast territory to the north of Zululand was essentially Zulu. To his spiritual eye was revealed a glorious vision, a future field where the converted Zulus of Zululand would bring the Glad Tidings of Salvation to these their blood kinsmen of Central and East Africa. His practical eye saw this accomplished through the Zulu language, which was spoken everywhere, in a modified form, from Zululand to the banks of the Zambesi river. By means of it and its related tongue the Tonga language, his evangelists would carry the Gospel message from the Tugela to the Victoria Nyanza.

Astrup Becomes Bishop

After an absence of nineteen years, Nils Astrup saw his homeland again. Together with his wife and little Kezia, their youngest daughter, he came to greet his

friends in Norway and told them of the great things the Lord had done in Zululand. The mission friends rejoiced in seeing him and his brave wife and daughter. He was ordained as a mission bishop by Bishop Skaar in the Trondhjem Cathedral, July 13, 1902. Nils Astrup thus became the second mission bishop of Norway and the successor of Schreuder.

His son, Johannes Astrup, had returned to Africa in 1896 after a sojourn of six years in America to complete his studies. In 1893, he graduated from Luther College, and in 1896, from Luther Seminary. The same year he was married to Miss Bertine Sophie Rødsæter of Manchester, Minnesota, whereupon the young couple left for Zululand to take up their life's work together.

Johannes Astrup helped his father in the work one year, and then spent two years at Capetown as assistant pastor in the Dutch Lutheran church. Returning to Untunjambili in 1900, he took charge of the station during his father's absence in Norway and the next year was established as a regular missionary. (1901.) Coming to Zululand when he was eleven years old, he had become thoroughly acquainted with the Zulu language. In thought he was a Zulu with the Zulus, and he was glad to be back among his dark brothers.

Our First Zulu Pastor

Nils Astrup felt assured that there was a vast opportunity to penetrate Africa by means of the Zulu language. Upon his return, therefore, to Zululand, he began to build a Theological Seminary for Zulu pastors at Untunjambili.

Before he left for Norway, he had privately tutored a very sincere Zulu evangelist, Samuel Ninela. After

he had been duly tested in the service, it was decided to ordain Samuel to the holy ministry. Nils Astrup performed the sacred act after he had returned from his furlough. Samuel Ninela became the first native pastor in our Zulu mission. He found a large field of labor at Kwamtolo, near Hlabisa. Here he has worked for about thirty years, in humility and faith, and the Lord has honored his efforts. He has usually a large class of catechumens preparing for baptism. When he finds that heathen relatives prevent the pupils from coming to him or that the surrounding conditions make Christian living impossible, he keeps the catechumens in his own home.

Ninela is a man of prayer. One day a woman missionary fell ill. She sent a message to Ninela to pray for her. Ninela prayed, "Dear Lord God, help Your

Pastor Ninela and His Family

The Pastor at Kwamtolo with His Congregation after the Sunday Morning Worship

servant who is suffering. Do not take her away from us; we need her very much. You have sent white missionaries and they have brought us the Gospel. You have protected them along the way, over the big ocean. They love us and tell us of Your salvation for our souls. Lord, You know how much we need these messengers. Heal this missionary, if it is Your will. Amen."

The Lord heard his prayer and the missionary recovered. Ninela continues to pray and through him the Lord is showing His faithfulness and is adding large numbers to His Name.

Hlabisa

The Hlabisa station, which Schreuder had secured from King Cetshwayo in 1869, was taken over from the Norwegian Missionary Society in 1892, and Nils Astrup began to build a church there. The station had stood vacant for about twenty years and traces of the early mission efforts had been almost completely obliterated.

The station is located on a plateau north of the Umfolozi River. Towards the west, south, and east, are the steep descents to the plains. There was no driveway to Hlabisa when Nils Astrup went there to re-establish the station. Occasional trek wagons had gone through to the plateau in the days of the former occupation. But the tracks had vanished, and the hardy missionary had to make his way through the woods and underbrush, over rivers, and up the heights of the plateau.

Rev. Heinrich Otte became our first missionary to Hlabisa (1897). He was the son of Rev. Carl Otte of the Hermansburg mission, and for a brief period also

of our mission. H. Otte completed his education in our Church schools in America. He was married to Anne Johanne Astrup, who came to Zululand with her father, Nils Astrup, when she was a little child. Rev. and Mrs. H. Otte, both children of Africa and of the mission, were especially well qualified for the pioneer work at the new station of Hlabisa.

Wild animals roamed at large in that district in the

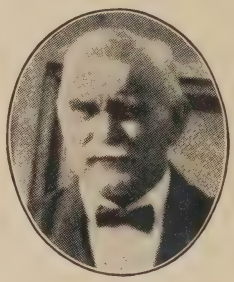
Pastor Xulu and His Parsonage

early days after Otte arrived. Leopards prowled about the cattle pens at night. The roar of lions leaping on their prey struck terror into the hearts of the villagers gathered about the evening fires. Herds of buffalo, zebra, and black antelopes, grazed on the high plateaus. Thousands of monkeys and baboons gamboled in the tree-tops and among the cliffs. The rhinoceros and a sole elephant from the north, felt at home in their wanderings over the hills. Large num-

bers of poisonous snakes of different kinds slid through the grasses or wound themselves about branches of trees in position to drop on unwary beings passing by.

Heinrich Otte and his wife began fearlessly to build up the Hlabisa mission and good progress was made. Catechumen classes were instructed. The seed of the

J. F. Ylvisaker



H. Otte

Word brought forth fresh green blades, which grew into plants bearing fruit. In 1902, the number of baptized was fifty-three. A new church was begun at this station in 1901. The funds for this building were furnished by the Norwegian Synod of America.

Help from America

The chief source of this interest in the Zulu mission is found in the home of Prof. Peter Laurentius Larsen, the first president of Luther College, Decorah, Iowa. Professor Larsen married the sister of Nils Astrup. It was not strange, therefore, that the home of Professor Larsen should be permeated with a love for foreign missions. Letters from their relatives in Zululand

The Home of the Woman Missionary at Hlabisa

stirred them to prayer, to give of their means, and to sacrifice themselves.

Their son, Rev. N. Astrup Larsen became a missionary to China. Their daughters, Marie and Hanna, went to Zululand, the former in 1893, the latter in 1896. Marie became the able directress of the mission school at Entumeni. Her labor of love was cut short, however, as her physical strength failed her. She passed to her reward on September 7, 1899, and rests in Africa's sunny land, at Durban.

Hanna Larsen also found a field of service at Entumeni. There she was of great help to her uncle, Hans Astrup. Her aptitude at learning the language, her keen sense of humor, and especially her love for the Zulus, made her a beloved missionary. The school girls at Entumeni were sad, indeed, when their

directress, broken in health, had to leave them and Zululand and return to America (1900).

Love for the Zulus did not, however, grow less in the Larsen home. It pulsated stronger. It found its way throughout the congregations of their Synod and back again to Zululand in a stream of prayers and gifts.

Biyela (Luwamba)

No mission work had been done in the Biyela district before the year 1902. Throughout the fifty mile region, from the White Umfolozi river in the north to the Umhlatuzi in the south, the Glad Tidings had not been heard. The hollow laughter of hyenas shrieked throughout the night, while more ferocious beasts kept up an uncanny struggle with one another and the natives. Venomous serpents and adders frequented the rafters of the thatched roofs of the kraals.

Rev. O. S. Norgaard befriended a chief of the Biyela district. In his gratitude, the Zulu offered the missionary a location for a new mission station. The Lord made use of the offer, and the work was begun in this district in 1902.

The missionary began his work in a large Zulu hut. School, instruction of catechumens, and Sunday worship, were conducted in the same house. The hard earthen floor served as tables and benches; the small opening designated as doorway, was also the only window. The attendance increased rapidly. A surprisingly large number could pack themselves into that hut to hear the new tidings. It was fortunate that smoke could escape through the grass of the poorly thatched roof. On rainy days, the white man sat under

his umbrella as a canopy and his pupils wrapped skins of animals about their shoulders.

After ten months of daily instruction, a class of twenty-five was baptized at Biyela. Four years later the number of Christians had increased to eighty-five. A congregation of the Lord had been established in the heathen district of Biyela.

The missionary and his family experienced the blessings of the Lord in their labors and His protecting hand kept them safe from the dangers surrounding them. One evening the white man heard a strange rustling sound in the house. The cat became very tense, as it watched something under the bed where the little girl Emilie lay sleeping. Was it a black ribbon? The missionary took a look at it, then grasped the child in his arms, and calling his family, he ran outdoors.

The ribbon was a very poisonous serpent. Zulu boys, armed with sharp sticks, hurried into the hut and after a few moments they brought out the dead black mamba. It measured seven and a half feet in length, and was of the species which brings death to its victim in a few moments. "The Lord is able to use even a cat to save us," exclaimed the missionary, caressing little Emilie, "so why should we fear? We are in His keeping."

Rev. Carl Norgaard, son of O. S. Norgaard, entered the mission service at Biyela. He was a promising young missionary, but his ministry was brief. The Lord called him home in 1923.

Another young man, born in Africa, Rev. Christopher Widahl Faye, became a worker of the Schreuder mission in 1912. In his childhood he had come into close contact with the mission at Entumeni. He went

to America to prepare himself for the work. For a number of years he was stationed at Untunjambili, and also at the Edambe outstation, as it was the hope at that time to establish a new mission station there. In 1922, however he left for America.

The Zulu Uprising

No one hated the new government as much as the witch doctors. They began to lose their influence and their authority. If they killed a poor native in order to make medicine from his liver and gall for a dying chief, who would pay them well, their own lives were taken. No more could they throw a person over the precipice after he was "smelled out" and found guilty of witchcraft. In this way the izanusi would become simple herb-doctors or rain-makers with insignificant power over the superstitious minds of their countrymen. They set about, therefore, with wily calculations to make secure their own positions.

It was easy to stir the people to revolt. They were already seething with resentment against the new hut tax. They had not learned to appreciate this virtue of civilization. When the headtax was added to their grievance, bitterness turned into fury. It was possible to build fewer houses, but how evade a tax on your own head?

The witch doctors continued to stir up the anger of the natives, and urged them to take up arms.

"We will spray you with powerful medicines, so that the bullets will slide off you.

"We will apply our strongest charms, so that water and not fire will shoot forth out of the guns of the enemy."

The Zulus were encouraged. They rallied about their old chiefs, who rejoiced in the return of their old

prestige. The doctors were called in to exercise their potent arts. The good old days were coming back.

In the revolt which followed (1906), the Zulus suffered utter defeat. Six hundred were mowed down in a mountain cleft at Mome near Entumeni where the government troops surprised them.

"The white men have stronger charms than we," explained the witch doctors.

Ill feeling rankled in the breasts of the natives for some time after that, but the government was vigilant and firm. Gradually the people settled down to the new order of things. Their neglected corn fields and scattered herds now absorbed all their attention; for cruel famine was the fruit of their revolt.

Dinuzulu and Solomon

A few months after the revolution, Dinuzulu, son of Cetshwayo, was arrested. The government had appointed him chief of a clan, but the poeple of the land remembered him as their king, and in the revolt, the leaders had gathered about him. Dinuzulu was sent to the Transvaal, where a large farm was given to him and his court.

Dinuzulu's life had been one of heathenism, but he died as a Christian. Native postors of the Wesleyans visited him often on his Transvaal farm and won his heart for the Lord. He asked for a Christian burial, and that was given him. Native pastors preached the Gospel to thousands at this funeral. A century earlier, the funeral of a king differed greatly from that of Dinuzulu. In olden days, the wives and servants must follow their lord into the other world. Dinuzulu's funeral was a mighty testimony to the power of the Gospel among the Zulus.

Solomon, the son and heir of Dinuzulu, became the recent king of the Zulus. His father gave him a Christian name, but he remained a heathen. He lived at the old royal kraal near Mahlabatini among his many wives, nobles, and courtiers. The kingdom, however, was ruled by the new government. To him there remained only the regal name and the glory of the history of his predecessors. He died in 1933.

Uplifting Zulu Womanhood

One of the greatest evils with which the missionaries have to contend, is polygamy. If this could be abolished, other troubles which come from it, would disappear. Polygamy is a mighty power in the life of the heathen, and it is often the stumbling block of the Christian. One native expressed the sentiment of many when he said to the missionary, "If God would tell us to keep our extra wives and to drink our beer, we would all become His children."

That which will overcome this hindrance to the progress of the Gospel, is the Gospel itself. It is the message of Jesus which alone can renew and regenerate social conditions. The Zulu woman, who has been considered on an equality with the cattle for centuries, is exalted by the Gospel. She learns that her soul has a value, and to this truth the man must bow. The old order of compelling the Zulu woman to marry a polygamist against her will, has been forbidden by the new law. Heathen practices prevail secretly, however. To help the young girls who wish to live a Christian life, there have been established four homes for girls, one at each main station.

Schreuder's wife began this important branch of mission work by taking Zulu girls into her own home

and instructing them. Mrs. Nils Astrup and Mrs. Hans Astrup continued this blessed work for the Zulu girls at Untunjambili and Entumeni. Within a short time the work bore fruit.

When the girls returned to their home kraals, often at some distance, they brought their Bibles and hymn books with them. As they read their Bibles aloud, for

Henninge Astrup

Caroline Astrup

that is the Zulu custom, the Word was sown in places where missionaries seldom could come. Younger sisters were stirred with a desire "to learn," and came to the mission station. The heathen parents often objected to this and the little girls had to suffer much abuse in order to become "believers."

Caroline, Henninge and Kezia Astrup continued this labor of love among the girls which had been begun by their mother, Mrs. Nils Astrup, and their aunt, Mrs. Hans Astrup. Kezia was stationed at Hlabisa. Henninge worked among the women at Hlabisa a short time but especially at Untunjambili, where she had grown up. She had known the chocolate brown girls from birth until they were mar-

Teaching Staff at the Entumeni School

ried, and she was acquainted with their particular griefs and problems.

For about thirty years, Caroline has been the beloved directress of the Girls' Home and the government-aided school of over two hundred fifty pupils, at Entumeni. She has shown great ability in raising the status of her school, in developing industrial arts, and, especially, in helping to guide every boy and girl of that big family. The joy with which Caroline goes about her work makes the days sunny for her pupils. Her reward accordingly has been great, for she has experienced the happiness of seeing the small growing souls in her care, develop into Christian men and women.

During the years 1901-1914 Miss E. Thompson was Miss Caroline Astrup's co-laborer at Entumeni. She

had already been accustomed to a savage people and a country of wilderness. She grew up in Renville County, Minnesota, in the days when the memory of the Sioux Indians' outbreak (1862) was fresh in the minds of her parents. Another young missionary from America, Miss Anena Christensen, arrived in 1915. She was a capable instructor at the Untunjambili school. Then she crossed over to the island of Madagascar in 1920 and entered the service of our mission there.

Mrs. Johs. Astrup took up the work among the girls at Untunjambili soon after she had come to Zululand. And to this she has devoted her energies for many years. Among the 50-70 girls which she has kept in her home, a large number were orphans, or

Happy Girls at the Home at Entumeni

had come from homes where they were abused and persecuted.

One evening as she and her husband were deeply concerned about where they should find clothing, food and medicine for these seeking souls, they heard a scraping at the door. Astrup opened the door and saw three girls, twelve or thirteen years old, standing shivering in the raw and cold evening. He brought the three unfortunates into the house and spoke kindly to them.

They told him that they had walked about fifty miles in four days and had had nothing to eat. They had hid during the day for fear of the relatives hunting them. During the nights, they traversed difficult and unknown country, over mountains and valleys, through forests and a tumultuous flood, and finally they had come to the mission station.

He asked them what it was they wanted especially. Prompt and definite was the reply, "Si ya funa ukukolwa" (We would believe). He noticed long dark stripes on their brown arms and legs, and asked them where they had come from. They replied that they had tried to escape to the mission station a month before, but had been caught on the way and had been given such a beating that they had been ill a whole week.

"Poor little ones!" Astrup said, "Three martyrs, before they knew whom they confessed!" While his wife lovingly cared for them, he mused, "Indeed, the star of Bethlehem still shines in all its glory!"

From the very beginning of the work at the mission stations Hlabisa and Biyela, Mrs. H. Otte and Mrs. O. Norgaard took care of Zulu girls who wished to live as Christians. Blessed fruits were soon seen in Chris-

tian lives and later in homes with Christian mothers, women who refused to enter into polygamy or to be bound by heathen customs. The home for girls at Hlabisa is crowded every year. Sister Aasne Kvaale was placed at Hlabisa in 1922. She spent two busy years there in charge of the women's work and the dispensary. Before this she had been three years at Untunjambili.

Death of Bishop Astrup

In 1919 the mission suffered great loss in the death of Bishop Nils Astrup. He had preached the Good News among the Zulus for thirty-six years. His prophetic vision of the Gospel's victorious march into the north was beginning to be fulfilled in the establishment of the Hlabisa and Biyela stations, and of the Theological Seminary for Zulu pastors. Bishop Astrup rests at Untunjambili beside Bishop Schreuder, his predecessor whom he admired and loved.

Mrs. Nils Astrup lived twelve years after the death of her husband. She was his faithful helper, shared his trials, labored with him in his labors, and prayed for him when he faced the dangers of the wilderness. From their parents, the children learned obedience to the will of the Lord. Mrs. Nils Astrup passed on to her heavenly home in 1931.

At the death of his brother, Hans Astrup became the superintendent of the mission. But Hans Astrup wished to place the responsibility on younger shoulders and only have charge of his beloved Entumeni station. This was done and the position of superintendent was given to Johannes, the son of Nils Astrup (1923), and he is now the able director of our mission in Zululand.

The Lord Prospers His Work

At all the mission stations, the Gospel continues to penetrate the solidity of heathendom. In 1926 the number of baptized was 6796. There were seven missionaries, eight native pastors and forty-one evangelists at four main stations and sixty outstations. Superintendent and Mrs. Johs. Astrup were located at Untunjambili and Miss Henninge Astrup helped them with the work among the women; Rev. and Mrs. H. J. S. Astrup and Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Ylvisaker were at Entumeni. Miss Caroline Astrup was the directress of the Entumeni Government-aided school; the Biyela station was without a missionary and was served by the native pastor Phillip Xulu; Rev. and Mrs. Heinrich Otte were at Hlabisa and Sister Aasne Kvaale was the station nurse and had charge of the Home for the school girls.

At primary schools, at girls' schools, at the evangelist school and at the seminary, daily instruction was given in the Word of Life. Throughout the country evangelists gathered the adults and children in the kraals to teach them about the Savior. The native pastors walked over the mountains and valleys to shepherd the Zulus into the kingdom of God. The missionaries labored unceasingly to direct the hearers of the Gospel, to instruct, and to preach. All were busy about the Master's business.

CHAPTER 9
The Children Accept Their Heritage

THE golden beams of the early morning sun caressed the hilltops and warmed them. It was November in Zululand and the air was balmy. A silver mist veiled the valleys from view, but as the sun rose higher and shone brighter, its rays lifted the shroud, leaving the green river banks and the hills soft and fresh. The morning was astir with myriads of insects and the birds were busy with their daily tasks. Women were already busy in the corn fields, and a trek-wagon drawn by a span of oxen, crept lazily along the road.

Around the curve a group of men appeared and passed along the way in solemn conversation. They were the pastors of the Schreuder mission on their way to a special meeting at Untunjambili. They were dressed in their best, for it was a festal occasion.

The church bell began to ring. "The Sunday iron is already calling," they said and hastened on. It seemed like Sunday, but it was only an ordinary week-day, but with an air of festivity all about the station.

The Norwegian Lutheran Church of America decided to take over the Schreuder mission at the beginning of 1927. This was not a new venture. The Zulu mission had played no little part in our foreign mission history for many years. When the early emigrants from Norway came to America, they brought with them the remembrance of their first mission love.

Already in 1859, the "Maanedstidende," and later the "Kirketidende," began to keep them informed about the progress of the mission. Sums of money, representing real sacrifices to our pioneer fathers, were sent to Zululand. The interest grew with each succeeding year and when the opportunity was given, representatives were sent from the Church in America, to be present at the general meetings of the Norwegian Missionary Society.

In 1870, Rev. V. Koren, at the request of his conference, attended the General Mission meeting at Tromso, and in 1873, the Norwegian Synod was represented at Drammen by Prof. F. A. Schmidt and Rev. P. A. Rasmussen. In 1876, the same mission was performed at Stavanger by Rev. J. B. Frich and Rev. N. T. Ylvisaker.

Dr. Laur. Larsen, a warm-hearted friend of the mission, did much to stir up an intense and eager interest in the work throughout his own church body and at Luther College, where he was the president for forty-one years. This growing interest of our people had resulted before 1926, in the full support of three missionaries, Johs. Astrup, H. Otte and J. F. Ylvisaker.

The decision to take over full responsibility for the Zulu Mission, was made in response to an appeal from Norway from the Committee for the Mission by Schreuder. The missionaries on the field were in hearty accord with the Committee in Oslo in their decision to make this appeal. The mission friends in Norway promised to continue to pray for the Lord's blessings upon the work and to support it to the best of their ability. The secretary and treasurer of the Committee, Mr. Chr. Dons, a very warm-hearted and zealous worker for the Zulu mission promised to

continue as a member of the Committee, to keep the people of Norway in touch with the work.

The Foreign Mission Board decided to send a representative to South Africa (1927) who would visit the field and help in the transfer of the mission properties. Dr. J. R. Birkelund, our foreign mission secretary, was chosen. He had been a missionary to Japan during the years 1892-1902. In 1912 he was sent to China by the former Norwegian Synod to select a new mission field for that body.

He spent several months on the field and visited all the main stations and many outstations. The fields of other Lutheran missions in South Africa were also visited, and all the institutions of the Lutheran Cooperating Missions. A trip was made up into North Rhodesia to search for opportunities for a new field, where the Zulu mission could expand in years to come. A four days' conference was held with the missionaries and all of the native pastors, to discuss problems and to take such actions as were considered best for the advancement of the work.

To this meeting with the "Baba" from America, the Zulu pastors gathered with pleasant anticipation. The situation had already been explained to them. The children of the "Baba" of Norway, who had sent the former missionaries, had moved across a very great water to another country, the "amakontinente Amerika." Now these children were going to continue the work of their fathers. That was an arrangement the Zulus could understand. Rev. J. Astrup had recently visited this great land of the children and when he returned, he had told them the children loved the Zulus as their relatives had done. The sons of Rev. H.

Otte were in that far country now, and would soon return to them.

But the land of the elder fathers was not going to forget them. They had said they would continue to love and help them, although the children would from now on carry the responsibility. These children had sent them a visitor to greet them and to say that they, the children, would be to them as the people of Norway had been to Uhanise and the Zulus of his day.

Dr. Birkelund was glad to meet the Zulu pastors and evangelists, those heralds of the new Zulu Church. He brought a message of love from the "children" in America, and told them of their hopes for the future Zulu Lutheran Church. The latter were glad in hearing this expression of confidence and cheer and thanked the "Baba" and the Lord who did all things so well. The confidence of the Zulu Christians in our Church was thus firmly established at the very beginning. An outcome of these conferences was the decision to cooperate with the other Lutheran missions in Zululand in matters of mutual interest.

Expansion

The need for more missionaries was urgent and our Church hastened to relieve the overburdened laborers by sending out new workers. In 1925, Rev. J. F. Ylvisaker left Madagascar because the climate was extremely injurious to his wife's health. It was found on the other hand, that that of Zululand was more beneficial to her. So Ylvisaker began mission work at Entumeni that same year.

When our Church took over the Zulu mission in 1927, Ylvisaker became a permanent missionary. He is now serving at Luwamba (formerly called Biyela).

He has a large field. From a few miles east of Melmoth to Empangeni, from the Umfolozi to the Umhlatuzi rivers, there are hundreds of Christian Zulus to shepherd and many thousand unbaptized natives to win for the Savior. New buildings have been constructed at the main station and every effort is being made to begin new work in the surrounding territory.

Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Farup, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Gronli and Sister Petrine Solvik, came to reinforce the staff in 1928. The Farups are located at Hlabisa. In this district of about 20,000 Zulus, one hundred and eight-

J. E. Farup

J. E. Gronli

een souls were baptized on one day. The crowded mission compound of ten acres has been enlarged to forty-two acres. A government aided school has been established drawing many children from the surrounding kraals.

Farup uses his pony for visits to sub-stations and native kraals which are difficult to reach by other modes of travel. One day on such a trip, he conducted eight devotional meetings in Zulu homes, mostly heathen, and 126 persons heard the Word of Life. This was only a short visit, on a week day, to a very small portion of the district. The door is open.

The Gronlis, formerly missionaries in China, were placed at Entumeni, the second oldest station established by Schreuder in Zululand (1852). In the year 1932, Entumeni celebrated its eightieth anniversary. Hundreds of Zulu Christians have passed into glory since Uhanise began to preach the Gospel there. In the church which he built at Entumeni, hangs a life-sized portrait of the Bishop. It was a gift sent by a Ladies' Aid in Norway and it caused great excitement among his old parishioners, for they believed it was his spirit that had returned to Entumeni.

J. Nelson

C. N. Otte

As Missionary Gronli travels about his large district he finds a hunger and a thirst for the knowledge of the Truth. The opportunities are everywhere apparent and Gronli takes advantage of them. A large sugar mill was built five miles from his station. There were Zulus, Nyasas and East Indians working at the mill. He opened up work among them using the Zulu language for the Nyasas and English for the Indians.

In his district there are 20 outstations. These have been organized into four circuits, each circuit being led by a native pastor. He has many day schools scattered about his district. The main school at En-

tumeni is under the direction of Miss Caroline Astrup.

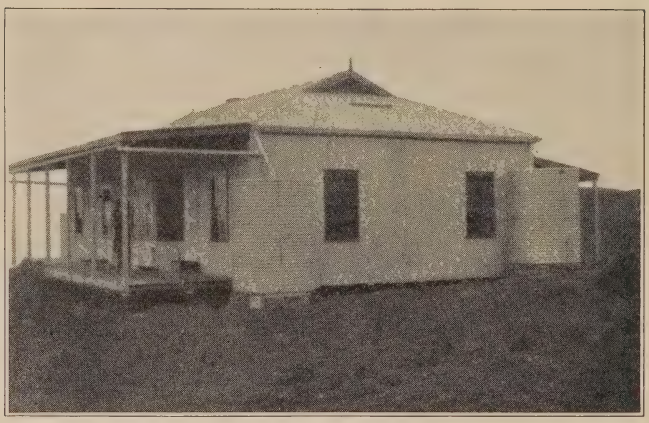
In Africa the teaching of agriculture and the trades, occupies a basic position in the educational scheme. J. Du Plessis says on this subject, "In Africa the Bible and the plow must go together." Much has been done already by relating the system of education to the practical needs of the people, but a great deal remains to be done in this land where drought often lays the fields waste and where the rinderpest and tsetse fly destroy the herds of cattle.

The farm at Untunjambili is one not only for instruction, however. It is a source of food for the large number of boys and girls who till the soil and study in the schools at the station. Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson came to Untunjambili in 1929. Mr. Nelson supervises the vast amount of industrial work carried on at this place.

Miss Lillian Young arrived in 1929 and took over the dispensary at Entumeni which had formerly been served by Mrs. Falk Moe. In 1931 she was married to Rev. C. N. H. Otte, son of Heinrich Otte. They now reside at Untunjambili, where C. Otte has been the missionary and director of the Evangelist School since 1930.

Rev. J. N. Otte, another son of Heinrich Otte, returned to Africa from his studies in America in 1931 and has charge of a part of the outstation districts belonging to Untunjambili. Mrs. J. N. Otte is a daughter of Dr. L. O. Fossum, the pioneer Lutheran missionary to the Mohammedans of Kurdistan.

The Otte brothers encounter competition in their endeavors to win the people around Untunjambili. Native sects have sprung up causing much confusion.



The Dwelling of the Missionary at Tshaneni

During the fearful malaria epidemic which harassed the land soon after their arrival, there was a "trek" to the witch doctors. The missionaries admonished the people to seek Jehovah, for He alone could help them in their trouble. The poor heathen learned the hopelessness of trusting in witchcraft.

"Now we understand," said they to the Ottes after the epidemic abated, "that you told us truly when you said that we took the name of the Lord in vain. We have learned that to trust in anything or anyone but God is vanity."

Another advance towards "the heart of Africa" has been made. The Tshaneni station in North Zululand was begun in 1929 by Heinrich Otte, the pioneer missionary of Hlabisa. At Tshaneni, he re-lives the early experiences of his former station. In a region of vast opportunities, he has begun the teaching and preaching of the Scriptures. A meeting-house has been built

and is used for services and for school purposes. The good attendance at the school and the Sunday worship, show that the people are hungering for the bread of life.

Hans J. Astrup and the Entumeni station are twins. They were born in 1852 (Astrup's birthday is August 30th). They have been inseparable for fifty years, or since 1884. Entumeni has increased from a few Christians at Hans Astrup's coming to over two thousand members in the present day. In his old age, the missionary did not wish to move far from his love. He resides at Eshowe, eleven miles from Entumeni, and continues in the active service of the Lord, preaching in the kraals, instructing the children, admonishing and encouraging as one may who has known his parishioners since their fathers were young.

The superintendent of the mission, Johs. Astrup, D.D., was relieved of his station duties at Untunjambili in order to devote his entire energies to the great and responsible task of directing the mission work on the whole field. More than fifty years have passed since Astrup, as a little boy, came with his parents to Untunjambili. For thirty years he devoted himself as the missionary of that station. He has also taken on added responsibilities in connection with the Lutheran Co-operating Missions in South Africa.

Medical Work

By force of circumstances, all the missionaries at the stations have been obliged to concern themselves more or less with medical and surgical work. From the time that Zululand was opened to the Gospel by means of Schreuder's medicine bottles and until the present day, the Zulus have opened their hearts to the message of

the Great Physician after His messengers have healed their bodies. Many missionaries are amateurs in the art of medicine; but supplied with a pair of dentist's forceps and some medicine bottles have often relieved illness and pain, and won a hearing otherwise refused to the Gospel story.

At Hlabisa which is located a great distance from any government medical service, the mission dispensary is a tremendous wedge in piercing the darkness of heathen practices. That district is still a land of

Petrine Solvik

Olga Guttormson

incalculable suffering, and the native remedies are generally worse than the disease.

For instance, in cases of sores caused by burning, the Zulus often "scrub" the wound with a coarse powder made from crushed vessels of earthenware. The people believe that the flames have entered into the body and in this way they are brought out again.

Sister Petrine Solvik has charge of the Girls' Home and the dispensary at Hlabisa. She came from Norway and is a bond between the friends of the Schreuder Mission and Zululand. Sister Petrine treated 4,700 patients in the hospital and dispensary during her first

five years. Of these about thirty cases every year were confinements. At childbirth, dreadful heathen practices often kill or ruin the health of mother and child. The significance of hygienic treatment at such times can only be understood by those who have lived in the country.

The Zulus themselves are learning to appreciate the services of the missionary nurse for the mothers and babies get along much better in her care. "The babies born at the mission station belong to God," they say. So when the little folks become of school age they feel it quite reasonable that they shall go to school and learn about God.

Miss Olga Guttormson came to Entumeni as mission nurse in 1932. There also the faith in the "medicine bottles" continues to open the hearts for the healing of souls.

One day a mother, who was a Christian, brought her son to Miss Guttormson. They had come a distance of eleven miles over huge hills and deep valleys. Biyela, the sick boy, had his head bandaged with a soiled handkerchief. His ears and nose had been bleeding. On one side of his head he had a deep gash so that the skull was exposed. The missionary suggested that he go to the doctor at Eshowe, a town about eleven miles away.

"Oh, Nkosasana" (Miss), they cried, "We know you, you can make him well. He wants to stay with you; let him stay until tomorrow." They stayed.

The missionary used all her skill to heal his wound but the boy became weaker and weaker. Gronli came and spoke to him and prayed with him. The Lord performed another miracle. In a few days the patient

began to improve. The infection which had set in the wound, began to clear up. After twelve days he was sent home and before he left Miss Guttormson told him he must repent and become a Christian for it was God who had heard their prayers and made him well.

Nothing more was heard from the boy for several weeks. Then one bright morning he came back with his mother.

"Nkosasana, he wants to stay with you to learn," the mother said, "He wants to become a Christian. Your God has made him well, now he wants to learn about Him."

"Ehe! Ehe!" (yes, yes) said the boy as his face lit up and he agreed to all that his mother had said.

The Lutheran Church in South Africa

The Norwegian Missionary Society was the only Lutheran mission among the Zulus for but a short period. Three others entered the field within a few years.

The first of these was the *Berlin Missionary Society* which was founded in 1823 after an urgent appeal from the Professors Thelander, Tholuck, and others for the salvation of the heathen. The first impulse toward this organization was given by the well known Pastor Janicke. He had begun a school for missionaries in Berlin and was instrumental in sending a large number of them to Africa and other countries. The Society first started work in the Cape Colony among the Hottentots (1834). These are sometimes called the "Bedouins of South Africa" and were difficult material, but by the perseverance of the consecrated missionaries the work bore fruit.

Tribal wars and a transient people made the pio-

The Inter-Lutheran Pastoral Conference at Untunjambili

neers realize that expansion of their work was rather hopeless. Upon invitation of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, they began the erection of a mission station, Emmaus, in Natal in 1846.

Their efforts were rewarded with positive results in a short time. New stations were built in the territory along the east of the Drakensberg Mountains up to the boundary of Transvaal at the north-west of Zululand. This mission has in its Zulu-Xosa Synod 8 missionaries, and 11,247 Christians.

Through the assistance of Schreuder, the *Hermannsburg Mission* was begun in Zululand in 1854. This Society was founded by Ludwig Harms of Hermannsburg, Germany, in 1849. He established a school for missionaries and sent twelve missionaries and eight colonists to East Africa in 1854 by the mission ship "Candace."

The missionaries found it impossible to settle in East Africa and proceeded to Natal, where Schreuder encouraged and helped them to begin their first station, called Hermannsburg, located west of Umpumulo. Already in 1859 the work had developed and stretched into Zululand where new stations were begun. The Zulu mission of this Society reports 22 missionaries and 21,228 Christians.

The founder of the mission died in 1865. He was succeeded by his brother Theodor Harms, who continued the work with the same earnest zeal as that of his predecessor. In 1878, however, he separated from the Hermannsburg mission because of complications with the Hanoverian State Church to which this Society belonged, and began the *Lutheran Free Church of Hanover Mission.*

A large number of the missionaries joined him. This separation caused grief to many earnest souls. They longed for a union. This was finally brought about by the son and successor of Theodor Harms, Egmont Harms, in 1890. A small group of missionaries, however, opposed this union. They seceded and retained the name of the Lutheran Free Church of Hanover. They have four missionaries and 8,527 baptized Christians.

Schreuder rendered valuable service to the *Church of Sweden Mission* in its early days. The first missionary, Rev. Otto Witt, began the work in 1876 under the protection of Schreuder at Entumeni. Rev. F. L. Fristedt arrived in 1877. Witt founded the station Oscarsberg in northern Zululand in 1878. At a later date this mission bought a tract of land opposite Entumeni, on the other side of the Umhlatuzi River, and built its station Ekutuleni there. King Cetshwayo opposed this venture with great vigor, and it was only by Schreuder's insistent intercession that the building was permitted. A friendly co-operation sprang up and continued between Entumeni and Ekutuleni.

In 1889 the mission began work in Dundee. There it established a printing press, a hospital, and a home for girls. Another station of many activities was begun at Appelbosch in Natal (1886). In Johannesburg the Swedish mission does an extensive work, under the leadership of Rev. J. E. Norenius, who is also its superintendent. The mission expanded into southern Rhodesia where, through intense hardships, a fruitful field was developed. In Natal and Zululand the Society has 34 missionaries and 13,889 Christians.

The Co-operative Work

The common aims and problems of the Lutheran missions working in South Africa, caused them to unite for co-operation in their work. The Co-operating Lutheran Missions in Natal is composed of the Norwegian Missionary Society, the Church of Sweden Mission, the Berlin Missionary Society, and our own mission. There are still two other Lutheran missions who are considering the question of joining this conference.

J. N. Otte

W. O. Rindahl

Some of the activities promoted by this organization, are the "Union Hymn Book," the publishing of the "Isitunywa," a Zulu church paper now edited by Johs. Astrup, and three large institutions of learning. These enterprises are already bringing the different Lutheran missions into a closer and more intimate fellowship.

The Co-operating Lutheran Missions are endeavoring to consolidate their activities by dividing the country between them with definite boundaries, thus preventing the overlapping of work. Thus the Norwegian Missionary Society recently (1933) transferred its entire

field in the Mtubatuba-Somkele district to our mission. The Hlabisa district is therefore greatly increased, almost double its former size. At the same time, two of our outstations, seventy-five miles from Hlabisa and only fifteen miles from the main station of this Society were transferred to that mission. The Lutheran missions desire to unite their forces in this way in their common purpose of winning the Zulus for Christ.

The preparing of teachers, evangelists, and pastors, is of vital importance in the building up of a self-propagating church. The Normal School is located at Umpumulo, the station begun by Schreuder in 1850. The students who come from the various Lutheran missions, become united in a common bond and purpose. The scholastic standing of this school has been accorded high recognition by the British Government. It is the only Lutheran Normal School supported by the Union of South Africa. On the faculty, our mission is represented by Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Rindahl, who went to Africa in 1930.

There are 157 students attending the Normal School. The training of such a number to go out and teach the plastic minds of children all over Natal, is much needed. The spiritual life of the students receives special attention through Bible classes and other meetings, where they may take up the discussion of religious problems. The students are active workers in the local Sunday School and Young People's Society.

The Theological Seminary is located at Oscarsberg, a station of the Church of Sweden Mission. Great care is taken in the selection of candidates for the Holy Ministry. The Zulu Church needs men of practical ability and mature Christian experience, men with an

One of the School Buildings at the Lutheran Normal School, Umpumulo

eye to discern the correct policy in the many matters that come up in a congregation. The greatest stress is laid upon training men who are filled with the love of the Savior, who are themselves transformed by the Christianity which they preach, and who will be examples of victory over sin, of self-denial, of humility, of sympathy, and of concern for the salvation of the souls entrusted to their care.

A Zulu pastor must preach especially by his life. To such a sermon, the heathen and Christian give their closest attention. The Zulu is by nature a ready speaker, and the natives know that a flow of fine words may mean little. The sermon preached by Christian living impresses them, for they have no parallel in heathen life. Our mission is blessed with fourteen consecrated Zulu pastors. But their number is too small, and we are praying that more among the Christians may heed the call to give themselves to His ministry.

The Union Lutheran Evangelist School is built at Emmaus, a station belonging to the Berlin Missionary Society. The missionaries know that the Zulus are the best evangelists to their people. Therefore they have from the beginning sought and sent out spirit-filled Zulu men to become the heralds of the Gospel.

Since its earliest days the Schreuder Mission has been instructing evangelists at Untunjambili and at Entumeni. Through the strenuous efforts of Johs. Astrup a fine evangelist school building was completed at Untunjambili (1927). He had charge of this school until it was turned over to Carl Otte (1930). At this school evangelists are being instructed in the Word and prepared to go out to the innumerable villages on the kopjes and veld with the message of Christ.

The Lutheran Church with her clear perception of the doctrines of sin and grace, has a message for the whole of Africa. She has a definite work to accomplish and her message is being implanted in the hearts of our Zulu Christians, helping them in their development. It is setting its stamp upon the individual, as well as upon the social and political life of the nation.

CHAPTER 10

The New Day

Winning Souls for Christ

FEW among the heathen come to the services for Christian worship unless they are urged by the personal approach of some one else. In order to reach the natives, the missionary must seek them in their homes. Walking about to visit the people is laborious, for the country is hilly and the villages are small. Sometimes these consist of only five or six huts. He cannot expect to have a large gathering. A dozen souls is an average group, except in the kraals of chiefs and of the larger head-men.

Many a time the missionary does not find the people at home. The grown people are visiting in a neighboring kraal where there is a drinking party or a wedding celebration. Only the children and old folks are about the huts. Or the village may be full of noisy people, drinking and dancing. It may be the announcement party of some couple's engagement or an occasion for a special offering to the ancestral spirits. Meat from the animals sacrificed is given away gratis. Gluttony, drunkenness and heathen practices prevail.

The missionary wearily retraces his steps down the hillside. His path winds about and over several kopjes to another kraal, and he prays the Lord to open some door for him. At the next place he finds the inhabitants at home. The women are busy tending the large maize kettles or weaving mats; the men are building a new hut or mending the cattle kraal.

Opposite page: A Hundred Years—a Hundred Weeks—the Old and the New

The people are friendly and willingly gather about the visitor, who starts the conversation by referring to the things which they understand and when the interest has been secured, goes on to discuss the things of the soul.

H. Astrup and a Zulu Head Man

"What a wonderful rain Unkulunkulu gave us this afternoon," he may say. "He shows His great love for us in so many ways. He has not forgotten us." Then he goes on to explain God's love towards all men and the sending of His Son Jesus into the world as a

manifestation of that love. Soon the way of salvation is being unfolded to his hearers.

Or he may begin, "I see that the corn which you buried in the ground and which lay there so worthless and dead, has sprouted. There are green leaves above the soil. So we also shall rise from the dead." Thereupon follows the story of the resurrection. To reach Zulu hearts, one must speak in a picture language.

When the Holy Spirit has created a desire in the heart of the heathen to belong to "Unkulunkulu who loves us," the missionary begins to instruct and prepare him for baptism. He is taught about the true God, about the fall into sin and what sin is, about regeneration and a new life in Christ. The Catechism is thoroughly explained and memorized. The wonderful stories of the Bible History are told him. If he is not too old, he must learn to read, so that he may find food for his soul in his Zulu Bible.

As the new seeker of everlasting life is being led by the Spirit, by means of the evangelist, pastor and missionary, he experiences his first conflicts with heathen practices and with his relatives. These fear the vengeance of the ancestors upon them because of this wayward member of the family, and they will not let him continue in peace. He now enters upon a period of testing which tries him to the utmost. Will the Lord win out in his heart or will the ties of heathenism still bind him as of yore?

Baptizing

The early morning Church bell, the "Sunday Iron," rang out its summons. "Come! Come!" or as the inscription on the bell reads, "Lizwe, lizwe, lizwe, yizwa

izwi lika Jehova." ("Oh, earth, earth, earth, hear the words of Jehovah," Jer. 22:29.)

The clear harmonious sound was wafted over the hills and echoed far beyond. Large numbers of the people heeded the call and made themselves ready to attend the services. After a little they were seen coming on the distant paths, large groups in white or light colors, giving the landscape that Sunday aspect so beautiful in the eyes of the missionary. Early that morning he had spoken to his Lord about the business of the day. Now he saw his parishioners approaching the station church. Another petition ascended to the throne above, "Lord, give me this day the message from Thee, that the hearts may be enlightened."

The missionary's wife was busy on the porch of her house. The baby, who was to be baptized, must needs borrow a baptismal dress, and old Luhayi desired the "white mother's" approval of his attire also. His own dress had always been that of the native Zulu, but as he was to approach the Lord's altar that day, he donned a coat and a pair of trousers. She assured him that he was properly dressed and gave him her blessing.

The girls of the mission school arose early and took a bath in the stream. Then they dressed in clean light dresses and as many colored beads and other finery as they could muster. Lacking a sufficiency of such accessories, they beautified themselves with flowers from the garden, placing them in their shortly clipped curly hair and in their belts. Nor would the younger boys be outdone. A bright necktie, a gay ribbon on cap or in lapel, a patch of floral design on the back or bright buttons sewn on the sleeves in geometric design, broke

The Missionary as Carpenter, Doctor and Teacher,
All on the Same Day

the severity of shirt or coat and disclosed the individual taste of the wearers.

Groups assembled outside of the church. Many busied themselves looking up the text of the day in their Bibles. Others greeted neighbors and treated them with snuff, which caused tears to run down their cheeks and made them look as though they were pious.

The last bell pealed forth and the congregation entered the church, the men seating themselves on the right-hand side and the women on the left. The pews or benches have no backs, lest the audience fall asleep during the service. A deep silence filled the church as the precentor arose to read the opening prayer: "O Lord, our Maker, Redeemer and Comforter, we are assembled in Thy presence to hear Thy holy Word" . . .

He announced a hymn and the congregation sang with fervor and harmony the old and always beloved, "Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying." They were not all able to read the words of the hymnbook, but they tried to do so, and they sang the words correctly, for they had learned them by heart. Old Abraham kept time to the rhythm by tapping the floor with his feet. But that caused no disturbance, because the well-oiled black skin of the soles of his feet, made no clatter on the floor. Others preferred to express the tempo by a swaying motion of their bodies.

The missionary preached the Word of God and had the undivided attention of his audience. Baptism followed the sermon. The little child was brought forward by the sponsors and old Luhayi walked alone.

It was with difficulty that the missionary suppressed tears of joy and the eyes of the old deacons gleamed with a heavenly light. They all knew the story of Lu-

hayi. He had been a powerful witch doctor. But when he was still a young boy he had learned to know the Bishop. One day as the latter visited his kraal, he had looked deeply into the eyes of the youth and said, "The Lord desires to dwell in your heart."

The boy had other plans, however, for he wanted to be a real Zulu with many wives and a large kraal. He was a successful diviner and gained much honor. But often the words, "The Lord desires to dwell in your heart," bothered his spirit. He grew old in years and vice. Then he became sick. The fear of death fell upon him. He had not heeded the message of the old Bishop.

"If I recover, I will go to the missionary," he promised the Lord. He did. After due instruction he was accepted for baptism. His voice was clear and steady as he expressed his willingness to renounce the devil and all his ways, (ah, he knew those ways!) and as he declared his faith in the Triune God, He who would now dwell in his heart.

On that Sunday two new names were written in the church protocol, and two names were placed in the book of life above. They were those of little Elizabeth and of old Jacob Luhayi.

More hymns were sung and a prayer of praise was offered at the close of the service. The people then went home. Little Elizabeth was placed in the arms of her Christian mother, a former pupil of the mission school. Old Jacob Luhayi, with a new name and a new Lord in his heart, went home to his hut with true peace in his soul. The Bishop's words had borne fruit.

The Young Convert

On the foreign mission field, the work does not end with baptism. That is only the gate whence stretches the pilgrim path of the new convert, beset by many snares and pitfalls. The concern of the missionary is to see that the traveller is not lost among the by-paths or does not fall down exhausted among the thorns. After the individual has received life in Holy Baptism, he returns to the village to live as a Christian. The demoralizing influences of heathenism all around him, are very great.

Although surroundings and heredity do to a great extent influence the new convert, there are features of the Zulu Christian's life which are beautiful and admirable. The first of these is his child-like faith and trust in the Lord. He does not doubt that the Lord can and will help him in his need. And the Lord strengthens his faith in miraculous ways. When faced with great need and in times of illness, relief has come in answer to such prayers.

Because of his implicit trust in God, the Zulu Christian faces death with courage. He closes his eyes believing that he will open them again in heaven, in glory with the Lord. There are many happy and glorious deaths among our Zulu Christians.

The Christian Home

When the Zulu becomes a Christian he is transformed, not only in a spiritual way, but also in a material way. As a heathen the "umutsha" and his own dark skin comprised his only dress. Now his eyes are opened to the unseemliness of such scant attire and he begins to wear clothing. He buys a piece of soap and begins to clean up, not only himself but his house as

Learning the Art of Home Making

well. As soon as possible he buys or borrows a plow, so that his wife does not have to spend so much time in the fields. Now she will have a better opportunity to care for her family.

Instead of playing in the dust around the kraal all day long, the children are sent to the mission school. In the evening there is a hum of little folks' voices reading lessons aloud. There are prayers and the singing of hymns as the father gathers his family about him before they go to rest. The heathen dwelling has become a Christian home.

Establishing Congregations

The missionary gathers the Christians scattered about in the kraal built on the hillside, and organizes an outstation congregation. As the work grows, he sends an

Early Morning Gymnastics

evangelist to look after them and to help them in their new life. They are often much alone in their new life, and they experience the distrust and even the persecution of their kinsmen. The evangelist is their elder brother and their guide.

Every week the evangelists assemble at the mission station. There the missionary examines their study of the Sunday's text, instructs them and especially prays with them that the message which they deliver may bring glory to God.

The next Lord's day the evangelist gathers his group at the outstation in a little mud-walled building or in an open space within the kraal. The women and children sit on the ground, or perhaps on mats on one side, and the men and boys on the other side. At the back and around the door, a number of heathen sit in their scant apparel. In front is a little platform of mud which has been rubbed with cow-dung and water. The evangelist reads from the Bible and expounds the text with much eloquence. He can "think Zulu" and presents the blessed truths of the Word in imagery and idiom which appeal to the native heart.

The Rain

In many ways the Lord shows His power and opens the field to His message:

The district of Chief Ndube between Halambu and the Tugela, had been visited regularly by Pastor Ninela. Johs. Astrup visited there as often as he could. But the fruits were meager. The chief made pretenses of fervent sympathy for the work of the mission, but at the same time that he encouraged and promoted the heathen vices of his people. After Ninela's departure, the old chief continued to make fair promises to Pastor

Koni Luhlongwane. He kept none of them. Then something happened.

Astrup paid the chief another visit in order to secure permission to send an evangelist into the territory. It was spring time, and extremely hot and dry. The women had begun to hoe their fields, but nothing green was visible. Famine raged everywhere. The old chief was at home. Astrup treated him kindly, spoke of the many years of their acquaintanceship, and proceeded to show him some beautifully colored Biblical pictures. Thereupon the missionary conducted a brief devotion.

"The land is very dry. I regret that you did not come to conduct services and to pray God for rain," complained the chief after the prayer.

"I would have been glad to do so," replied Astrup, "but you did not ask me to come."

"Then I invite you now," said he. "You may send for all my people to come."

"I shall be glad to come on Tuesday," said Astrup, "but since you have invited me, you must also call the people together." So the matter was arranged.

Many hundred natives gathered at the chief's kraal the following Tuesday. The audience listened attentively to the sermon. Then the missionary prayed that the Lord would send His Holy Spirit to soften the hard and dry hearts of that district, and that He would also have mercy upon the dry earth and thirsty beasts and send a refreshing rain. Before the services were ended, dark clouds appeared in the sky. Soon the thunder roared and the rain fell heavily. The chief and his people were deeply moved by this act of the Almighty. They must reverence One who rules the heavens. It was not difficult now for the mission to

secure a fine location for the new schoolhouse and the evangelist's home.

After harvest, Chief Ndube sent a messenger to Astrup. He begged him to come to his village and to conduct a Thanksgiving service in honor of the living God who had given them a good crop of corn. The missionary was glad, and thankful for this opportunity offered him to give glory to the Lord. Together with Pastor Koni, Evangelist Philemon, and a number of Christians, he came to Ndube's kraal. There were hundreds of natives who listened with deep respect to the preaching and to the praise of Him who rules the heavens. The story of the Savior who loved them was more difficult to understand. But they could not help but reflect upon it.

From that time a new spirit has prevailed in Chief Ndube's kraal. The Zulu pastor and evangelist have continued to labor with joy, because the people listen with open minds and willing hearts.

The Blind Man

An old Zulu, of sixty years or more, had been totally blind for thirty years. He was a seeker and was instructed in the Gospel. The Word of God fastened itself ineradicably in heart and memory. He was baptized and was named Alfred.

A few weeks later the native evangelist told the missionary that a great miracle had taken place. Alfred's sight had been completely restored. As the missionary looked somewhat dubious, the evangelist declared with fervor that the event was the main topic of conversation in the vicinity, and that all, Christians and heathen alike, agreed that God had touched Alfred's eyes and restored his sight. Alfred came to the mis-

A Volunteer Worker and Her Class near a Native Kraal

sionary and it was truly astonishing to see the blind man with his sight restored.

"First God gave my heart vision (faith), and now He has made my eyes to see. I beg of you permission to go about among the sick, the old and the crippled, and tell them about Jesus and His great mercy to me," Alfred said.

He was given permission, then, in this way to witness for his Master. He rejoiced and went about telling how he had seen the glory of God, and through his testimony about sixty souls were won for the Lord.

Congregations Banded Together

When the outstations become numerous, the missionaries arrange them in groups, from five to ten in each unit. An evangelist instructs the people at the

outstation. A native pastor is placed in charge of the group. His work is to preach at these different places and to encourage the evangelists. Such centers are: Kwamtolo, Edambe, Isitelo, Eshowe, Ekutandazeni. At Kwamtolo, Pastor Samuel Ninela has labored faithfully in a large district containing about 5,000 souls.

Shandu is the pastor of the Edambe group. We spent several days in his home during a three-day meeting. Friday was a day of services in the church. On Saturday, the Christians brought their offerings for the support of the local mission work. These consisted of chickens, goats, fruit, fancy-sewing, beadwork, vegetables, and money.

Sunday was a blessed day, with Baptisms, Communion service, and a children's program. We were touched by the generous hospitality shown us in Shandu's home. Mrs. Shandu had lived for many years in the Astrup home and had learned many useful things. Her home was clean and cheerful. She helps her husband in his mission work. There was a spirit of sincerity and fellowship in that home.

Pastor Ntuli has been the shepherd of Ekutandazeni for many years. Ntuli is the son of the old chief Mkonto, who advised King Mpande to send for Schreuder and his medicine bottles to cure his rheumatism. It was as a result of that visit by Schreuder that Zululand was opened to the Gospel.

Ntuli received most of his instruction from Nils Astrup. He accompanied the missionary on his journey to Limpopo. To Ntuli the memory of Nils Astrup is very sacred. Ntuli is also proud of his high Zulu lineage, but this pride does not lead him to foolishness or conceit. His fine poise and conduct is such that he

is often chosen to appear before the white government administrators as the representative of his people.

At Ekutandazeni, Ntuli built his own house, part of which he used as a schoolhouse during the week and on Sundays for services until the new church was built. From Ntuli's home we brought with us the memory of a sacred hour. Johs. Astrup, Ntuli, and myself, together with the Christian occupants of the home, knelt there on the hard earthen floor for evening prayers. We were not surprised, then, that the Lord was richly blessing Ntuli's labors. Ntuli is now working at the Untunjambili station.

Koni Luhlongwane was one of our most promising young pastors. When he enlisted as chaplain of the Zulu overseas contingent during the World War, there was joy and sorrow in the mission. He was especially qualified to shepherd the Christian Zulu soldiers and to give true comfort to his lonely countrymen far from their homeland. But the mission needed him at home. The grief was great, therefore, when it was learned that Koni's boat with nearly all its soldiers, had been torpedoed and sunk.

Captain R. Blake of the ill-fated overseas contingent, sent a note to the mission telling of the death of Koni: "You will have heard before now of the sad accident to our people in the S.S. Mendi. Among those lost was our beloved brother in Christ, Koni Luhlongwane. On the long voyage and before that in the camp at Rosebank, he did good work. His work was nicely organized. His character was beautiful, and white and black were fond of him. May the dear Lord in heaven comfort his wife in her loss. May the Lord fill his place in the work. May the Lord comfort his congregation.

With this I am, with greetings, one with you in your loss."

Only a few on the steamer were saved. Among the survivors were two educated Zulu Christians. Concerning the shipwreck of the "Mendi," they touchingly referred to Koni, the native chaplain. He was seen by them with many others, struggling in the water. One soldier called out, "Pray for us, oh teacher." Koni prayed but weakly, for he was almost exhausted. Then many shouted as only drowning men can shout, "Pray more, pray more, oh, our beloved teacher." With supreme effort he lifted up his voice and loudly called upon the Lord to save and deliver. Then the billows closed over him. Truly, Koni was a hero in life and in death.

The Native Church Grows

The Church at home likes to hear about special movements towards Christ on the mission field and of rare Christian characters met there. We thank God that both of these are common in Africa. But there are also problems which constantly confront the missionary as he tries with God's help to build up a strong Christian Church. The missionary all too well understands the weaknesses of his Christians and his heart yearns to hold them for Christ.

The Problem of Witchcraft

For some time the missionary at Untunjambili had noticed among the people about his station a peculiar uneasy feeling. The witch doctors and witches had become bold and were casting their evil eyes upon the people. Their medicines had taken a strong hold and its influence had spread even to the Christians. The

work of the Lord was suffering. The missionary decided that he must break the spell.

Early one misty morning, he took seven Zulu boys with him and made a visit to all of the huts about the station. Down into the deep Tugela valley they plunged and entered the kraals below. There was a man there who professed to be a Christian. Surely he would not have any charms in his house. Yes, there was one, tucked away in the corner of the hut. In one home, Eliza Ndawande, a powerful witch doctor lived. His specialty was charms for young men who sought a wife. They were birds' hearts, dried pieces of liver and birds' heads. These the missionary collected and they were dumped into the sacks.

By nightfall they had seven large sacks filled with evil smelling charms. The missionary decided to call a meeting of all those who owned the charms. When the owners saw the great heap of medicines, they trembled with fright. The missionary opened the meeting with a sincere prayer to God. Picking up his Bible, he read a portion of the eighth chapter of Acts, beginning at the ninth verse. He explained how the man who had been a sorcerer was converted by the preaching of Philip. But later he tried to buy the Holy Spirit with money. Applying the text to those present, he said, "Do you think you can buy your salvation by working evil upon your brethren? I do not presume to curse you for what you have done, for I am not an apostle like Peter, but I make bold to curse your evil practices and medicines and put them under the ban of the Almighty God."

The owners were offered an opportunity to pick out their own property and take them home again. But with the exception of two evil looking witch doctors,

the people would not touch the vile collection. A great hole was dug into the ground and the charms were thrown into it. Then a tree was planted upon the top.

A short time after this meeting, Eliza Ndwande, the witch doctor, came to the missionary and asked for permission to study for baptism.

"I feel sad when I reflect upon my bad life. Many young men have come to me and I have done my best to encourage their evil intentions. I now renounce these deeds and practices, by the help of God. I have spoken."

The Missionary's Wife and Her Dark Friend

After his baptism, Eliza Ndawande asked for more instruction that he might become an evangelist. A strong desire to serve God was now in his heart instead of his former zeal in the practice of witchcraft. His request was granted and he became a faithful student of the Word of God.

This drastic action taken by the missionary became a cleansing and strengthening influence in the lives of the weak Christians, and also won a witch doctor for the one true God.

Demon Possession

A fine young Christian teacher, named Sindisiwe (the one who is saved), became possessed with the devil. She had formerly been an exemplary worker and had a pleasing personality. Her demon possession expressed itself by contortions of the body and a complete change of her facial expression. A whole stream of poisonous words and evil talk poured out of her mouth, appalling to heathen and Christians alike.

Johs. Astrup called the girl to him and listened to her flow of devilish words for some time. Then he said in a loud voice, "Stop." Immediately she ceased speaking. He spoke to her and asked her to kneel. This she did. He placed his hands upon her head and prayed the Lord to create a new heart and spirit within her. He prayed the Lord to drive the evil one, the devil, out of her heart, body and soul so she could be reunited with Jesus her Savior.

As he prayed her face changed and tears ran down her cheeks. The hard evil look disappeared and Sindisiwe became her former self. He asked her some questions and to all of these she gave a clear answer of her faith in Christ. A few weeks later Astrup met

Sindisiwe again. She was the same serene, modest, and attractive person as before. Again the Lord had shown his power over the devil and his kingdom.

Other Problems Arise

Backsliding is not uncommon; immoral practices, sanctioned by heathen opinion, tend to come back again into the life of the Christians; feuds break out between him and his kinsmen. He is but a babe in Christ, has little understanding of sin, is frail, failing, and does not fully comprehend his new walk with the Lord. But he is in earnest about desiring to follow his new Master and He who looks upon the heart, will not reject him. The great task of the missionary is to lead and nurture this weak child that he may grow strong and valiant and become an honor to Him whose name he claims.

The grief of the Christian congregation is found in those who bear the Christian name, but show no love for Christ. They were never sincere in becoming Christians, but were drawn by outward things, such as the desire to marry a Christian or the wish to dwell on a certain compound. The new religion becomes a burden which they cast off when they have attained their ends. Thus they become a sorrow and a disgrace to the Christian congregation.

A third group are the tried and faithful Christians who are the backbone of the native church. They have had an experience of sin and of grace, have an understanding of Christian teachings and have learned to love their Church. In most cases these are of the second or third generation of Christians. They are the salt and the light of the congregation and are such a power and a light also among the heathen.

Church Discipline

These faithful Christians are an unspeakable joy and a help to the missionary. They are his brothers in a special way. They share with him the responsibilities, the joys and the sorrows of the Zulu Church. A number of such Christians are chosen by the congregation to deal with problems which arise among the members in accordance with Matt. 18:15-17 and I Cor. 6:4-8. The elders especially are qualified to do this work in a faithful manner, for there is no privacy in Africa. What each man and woman does is common knowledge in the whole community and the Zulu leaders have information about their people far beyond what would be possible to any missionary.

The great task of the missionary in this council is to guide the discipline, so that the result works for the edification of the member and of the Church and not for their destruction. There is a tendency among the elders to be mechanical and legalistic in their judgments. The African mind is not inclined to delve into deep problems. They say, "Here are the rules, let us follow them." Various precedents are cited. The missionary must guide his council to seek the mind of the Spirit. They must strive to maintain spiritual freedom and to do as Jesus would do, so that discipline and discipleship may go hand in hand.

The *council of elders* at the Untunjambili station, impressed us greatly. They were a group of old and tried Christians. Several of them, although evangelists, were unsalaried workers. An English magistrate at Kranskop spoke very highly of this council. He said it had eased his work considerably.

The Ladies' Aid Met in the Kraal

Organizations

Every effort is put forth in training the Zulu Christians in leadership and in working systematically for the kingdom. This is the program set before them, that they should be of help to each other in spiritual matters and that they should aim to be knit together in bonds of Christian fellowship. Secondly, these united bodies form channels by which the native church receives an increasing financial support.

The *Ladies' Aid* is an active organization in our mission. The missionary's wife is its mother, but she is wise in letting the native women take charge. Samson's wife, Lydia Sibiya, has proven herself a capable president at her station. The Aid often meets in the kraals where the members have devotional meetings, sew and apply themselves to African handicrafts. Later, they visit the sick and help the needy.

At Untunjambili the Ladies' Aid was organized in 1900. It was named the *"Abalingayo,"* which means "those that endeavor." In 1913 this society gave two hundred dollars to the erection of a much needed school house at the station.

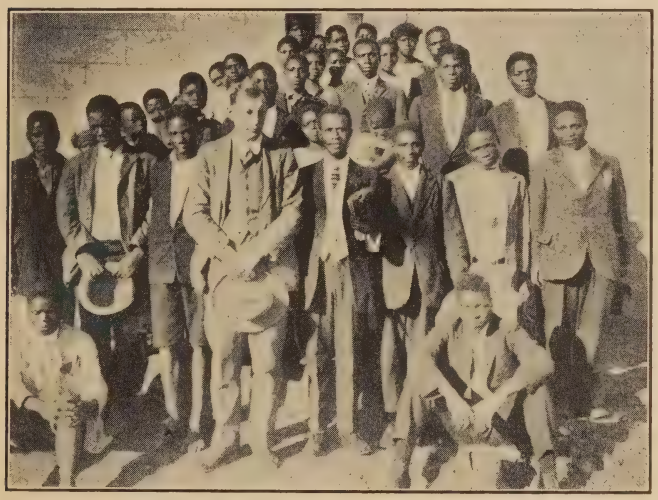
To help the young people through the difficult years and to unite them more closely to the Church, *Young People's Societies* have been organized at all of the stations. They exist and work as a part of the congregation. The *Men's Societies* are called the "Mankankanana," after Schreuder's Zulu name. Every year the Native Conference (Wamankankanana) of the Christians on our whole field is held at some main station.

Self Support

The missionaries labor to promote *native self-support* at all times. The progress may be slow, but there

is some advance made every year. The missionary knows that his real task is to build a self-supporting church and to make himself superfluous. This task may take time, but with the Lord's help it will be accomplished.

The new believers in Christ soon begin to give expression to their faith in different ways. Their light



Entumeni Young People's Luther League

cannot be hid. They begin to pray for the conversion of their relatives and to think of their countrymen who do not yet know the Good News. Little by little they begin to lay aside gifts to be used in the extension of the Kingdom.

On the festival days of the Church, it is customary for all to lay their gifts on the altar. Old and young, adults and small children, who are too short to reach

the top of the table and must be lifted up by their father and mother, walk about the altar. It would gladden the hearts of the mission friends in America to see these offerings placed upon the Lord's altar. The gifts are often very small; many three pence and six pence appear. But for these Christians, it is a large sum and represents a real sacrifice.

An old lady came to the missionary to receive medicine for her eyes. She received medical treatment, but did not return to her home. The missionary learned that she really had no home and had been chased from the kraal where she had been living of late. She was determined to remain on the mission grounds until her death, because she desired to be buried and not have her body eaten by dogs. The old lady had formerly been baptized and named Martha Maria.

Now she desired to learn more. She attended instruction every day and really learned a great deal, although she was about ninety years old. On Palm Sunday she was confirmed together with a large class of young people.

One Sunday when there was a special offering in the church, old Martha Maria went forward with the other Christians and placed three pence on the altar. Sister Petrine Solvik was surprised to see her old friend possess even such a small sum of money and inquired about it. She learned that the coin was the very same one she had given the old woman one day in appreciation of faithfully completing a task assigned to her. Sister Petrine supposed she would use it to buy snuff, for that is a highly prized and seemingly indispensable article for old folks. But she saved it until the day of the offering so that she might have a gift for the Lord.

On a trip along the Tugela river, we came upon

a young Christian woman with a large class of heathen she was instructing. She was a volunteer worker and was serving without pay. Love for her Master impelled her to gather these people of her kraal. At the older stations there are also several Christians in the vineyard, who live humbly on the fare which they are able to raise in their fields and who use their spare time in spreading the Gospel.

In spite of a year of drought so that the corn shriveled up and the cattle died, and of a severe epidemic of malaria which quite prostrated the people, Entumeni station raised a sum of five hundred and thirty dollars for the promotion of the Gospel. The congregations at the other stations manifested a similar spirit of sacrifice.

Harvest Festivals

"Ukukukulelangoqo" means "the gathering together into one heap of all you can get hold of." This name has been designated as the name for the annual *"Harvest Festivals,"* which are held at the stations every year. At the Edambe outstation, we were present on such an occasion. From long distances the parishioners came, over high hills and deep valleys, the women carrying on their heads pumpkins and gourds filled with honey and sweet drinks. The men were laden with monkey-skins, hides of deer, rush mats and crates of chickens. The bleating, as of a herd of goats, echoed and reechoed over the mountain sides. But this turned out to be one vociferous goat, advertising his presence in this manner.

The chickens had dozed lazily, enjoying the swaying motion of the carriers. They were fatalistic and en-

joyed the good of the moment. When they were dumped unceremoniously on the ground, however, they awakened from their lethargy in alarm. To the African billy goat's bleating, they responded with a chorus of cackling and screeching as they fluttered about with tied feet and wings.

The crowd gathered in the shade of the stone church. A solemn hush fell over the assembly, so that the fowls and goat were surprised and silenced. Pastor Shandu conducted a brief devotion, asking the Lord of the harvest to be present and to bless their gifts, so that the Lord's treasury might be honored.

Then the sale began. The Zulu auctioneer was a man of keen wit. His remarks brought a response of good cheer and co-operation on the part of the assembly. The goat protested against a change of owner. The chickens, which had settled somewhat under a large table upon which the sale products were on display, renewed their loud protestations. Pumpkins and sweet potatoes were destined for the large evening kettles, while sour milk and sweet drinks were passed among friends as potions of refreshment after the heat of the afternoon.

The harvest festival was over. The gifts represented long periods of cultivation and care. The small price to buy the articles had been earned through many days of labor. A fine sum of money was raised at this festival and the people rejoiced on their homeward journey as children who have done well.

Thus we see the daily life going on among our Christians who now number in all 10,287. These have their spiritual home in our 156 congregations and preaching places.

A Harvest Festival. Bringing the First Fruits to the Lord.

The Coming of the New Day

"They bedecked themselves in the regalia of war and went forth to dip their spears in blood." Such was the old day and the old way. But the feats of the Zulu kings belong to the history of bygone days. Since the land came under British rule, tribal wars have ceased. Peace and order have taken the place of war and confusion.

The pioneer missionary would be astonished indeed at seeing the changes of recent years. The ox-wagon in which he travelled from Durban to Zululand, is not used except for the transport of merchandise. Now steam locomotives draw long trains over the land from Durban to Pongola, and another line goes to Kranskop. Throughout the crown lands, where sugar plantations and white men's houses feature the landscape, bus lines continue where the railroad ceases. Good roads, often macademized, make automobile travel both easy and general. Even aeroplane landing fields

The New Day. Chief Mtungelwa and His Automobile

have been built for regular service by the government of Natal.

The plow is replacing the spear in popularity. The latter has lost its usefulness in these peaceful times. The former is an implement greatly coveted. It does the work of many wives with their spades. Now the Zulu does not need so many wives. It is cheaper to buy a plow than to pay ten head of oxen for an extra wife. The number of plows is increasing. There is probably one for each kraal.

The government has instituted courses in agriculture suitable to the conditions of the country. The primitive methods are gradually giving way to the new system. Large sums of money are expended on public schools and in aiding the mission schools. The Zulus are learning and adopting the new culture and the new ways.

The early missionary would be lost in modern Natal. However, if he travels northward, beyond the railroad, and enters our mission field, he would feel at home again. There, on the large native locations, life goes on in much the same manner as in former days. There are the beehive huts and kraals as of yore, and the heathen still goes about in his national costume, a loin-cloth of skins of animals. He loves his beer parties and the wild heathen festivals.

In the story of pioneer days, the missionary tells of fighting with wild animals, speaking to uncivilized natives, and winning cruel and barbarous kings. He lived in native huts, walked long distances over hills and rough paths to visit the distant kraals. Unsanitary conditions and malignant fevers often laid him at death's door. He used every ounce of skill and perseverance to win a hearing from the people, who were

filled with suspicion and distrust of the white man. But he endured, and gradually fear and suspicion were replaced by friendliness and good will. It took great courage to be a missionary in the pioneer days.

Wild animals are still numerous in the northern parts of our field. Crocodiles bask in the sunshine along the banks of the streams and an occasional rhinoceros appears. The lions and leopards have withdrawn to the jungle where civilization cannot interfere with their domain. Snakes still persist, but they resent the enlightenment of the new day. The superstition concerning them is lessened and so their long green bodies recede into the tall grasses and away into the less populous places.

Many species of beautiful deer feed on the corn in the fields of the missionary and of his neighbors. To save his crops from the antlered animals and from numerous baboons, he sets a watch about his grounds. We have seen zebras, numbering up to fifty in a herd, frisking about the valleys within five miles of the Hlabisa station. But every year they withdraw farther and farther into the wilder parts of Zululand. The day of the wild beasts is fast passing.

The New Problems

The missionary of today faces problems which are more insidious and severe than the displeasure of the Zulu kings and the ferocious animals of the forest. While heroic courage was the great requisite of the pioneer, infinite patience and understanding must qualify the missionary of today.

One of the greatest problems which confronts him is the breakdown of the tribal spirit among the natives. Compelled by the need for money to pay his taxes, the

native leaves his home community and goes to the white man's town. He may go to Durban or he may travel farther inland and work at the mines at Johannesburg. But wherever he goes, he comes in contact with the white man's civilization and he is not prepared for it.

Leaving his quiet home kraal with its tribal customs and restraints, he is plunged into the whirlpool of activity and the temptations of a large city. Utterly unprepared for such a change, he is bewildered and frightened. The trains, automobiles, large buildings, are all new things to him. The missionaries agree that a young boy or girl who has lived in a great industrial center for a few months, will never be the same again. The last shreds of tribalism have been torn from them.

After having earned the necessary money for his taxes in the city, he earns a little more and, without the knowledge of the value of money, he purchases some of the tinsel of the white man's world and takes it home with him. Perhaps he buys a hat, a pair of ill-fitting trousers, and a watch-chain. Then he struts and walks about the kraal,—a "white man."

Many problems have arisen in the colonization of Africa by the white man. There is the steady encroachment of the white man upon the tribal lands of the native. They are ousted from their land or placed upon reserves.

After the matter of land, perhaps one of the thorniest problems today, is that which arises out of the question of labor. All work done with the hands, is contemptuously called "Kafir's work." The white man, no matter how poor he may be, considers himself a gentleman and is to be served. He thinks it degrading to work with his hands. So the Color Bar Act of 1926

was passed to shut out all natives from skilled and lucrative positions and limit them to an inferior position in the field of labor. The policy of this act is "to keep the native under."

Race consciousness among the people of South Africa is a comparatively new thing. The people of Africa have not attained the educational level necessary for them to put forth a united effort towards gaining their nationalistic aspirations. Ethiopianism, which has as its slogan "Africa for the Africans," is the great outward expression of this movement.

The powerful Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of Africa, promised to become a source of mutual assistance to the natives of South Africa. But in its endeavor to secure better economic and social conditions, it collapsed, because of the inexperience of the young leaders of the association. The grievances already mentioned have been utilized by the native agitators to stir up bitter resentment against all things foreign.

The African is beginning to realize that he is not a "hanger-on to the white-man's civilization." He is stepping forth into his rightful place in the history of the nations. The feeling of unrest which breaks forth throughout the country is running into the moulds of racialism. A new race is slowly being born.

The great task which lies before us in the creation of a new Africa, is the regeneration of the African people. This cannot be brought about by social reforms or by inculcating into their lives our western civilization. The methods Jesus used were not those of great reforms in the social, commercial or administrative worlds. The forces which will create a new Africa are spiritual. It is the Gospel message of Jesus

Christ which alone can unlock the door to the heart of the African and set him free.

Ninety Years After Schreuder

Throughout the ages, the sun rode out of the Indian Ocean in the east. Each day its eye was filled with scenes of blackest heathenism in Zululand. Bloody warfare, untold sufferings, destruction and vice, is what he had seen as he set behind the Drakensberg mountains at night. More than eighty years have passed since the Lord used King Mpande's rheumatism and Schreuder's medicine bottles to open the land to the Gospel of love, peace, and purity.

During these years the Sun of righteousness has shone on the dark and bleak hearts of the Zulus, large numbers have yielded to its warming rays and have obtained everlasting life. There is a host in the mansions above, praising the Son of Glory for the news of salvation which entered their land less than a century ago. Surely the early heralds of that Gospel, the pioneer missionaries who have gone to their reward, must rejoice exceedingly as they see that host, ever increasing, before the Lamb.

The present heralds of the Gospel are carrying on the work so nobly begun. They are scattered about that dark Zululand and seeking the lost. At Entumeni, our oldest station, Rev. J. E. Gronli together with Miss Caroline Astrup and Miss Olga Guttormson, are laboring in a populous territory. Rev. H. J. S. Astrup lives at Eshowe, an outstation of Entumeni. The old veteran is still active in the service.

Rev. Carl Otte and his brother, Rev. J. N. Otte, are in charge of the large Untunjambili district and the Evangelist School. Miss Henninge Astrup assists them

with the work among the women. Mr. John Nelson has the industrial work at the same station. The residence of Dr. Johs. Astrup is at Kranskop, about seven miles from Untunjambili, and his work as superintendent takes him over our whole field.

Rev. J. Farup and Sister Petrine Solvik continue the work at Hlabisa and are expanding the field into new areas. Rev. J. F. Ylvisaker is building the Luwamba station and placing evangelists at new outstations. At the Umpumulo Lutheran Normal, Rev. W. O. Rindahl is engaged in the important work of training Zulu teachers for our schools. Rev. H. Otte is pioneering at Tshaneni, our northernmost station in Zululand.

The Goal—The Heart of Africa

We can not say that the evangelization of Zululand has been accomplished more than half-way, but what has been done is above price, of a value that only eternity will reveal. The Lord has entered Zululand and His progress will not be stayed. To our fathers, Zululand was given as their first foreign mission field, a rough untilled land which they desired to change into a cultivated field. The seed sown by the pioneer missionaries, who perservered in the bleakness and cold of those early spring years, has sent deep roots into the soil and blossomed forth into fruit-bearing plants. For many years, golden sheaves have been gathered into the Lord's garner from the old, well-tilled plots prepared by the early laborers.

Sowing and reaping have gone on side by side since Umatendjwaze was baptized by Schreuder in 1858. Rejoicing and sorrowing have likewise followed each other, joy because of souls won for the Master and sorrows because of the tracts of land still untilled. These

Ordination of Four Zulu Pastors
Standing Left to Right: C. H. Otte, W. Rindahl, J. N. Otte, P. Xulu, J. Farup, Ntuli, Sibiya, A. Zulu, Jali.
Seated: K. Hallendorf (Swedish Mission), Johs. Astrup and the Four Candidates.

unworked fields should be fields of income for the Lord of the harvest, but they lie there an unprofitable waste, nurturing a pernicious growth, for the laborers were too few to clear them. Even in the old fields, the weeds of heathenism, superstition, intemperance and immorality, show their heads and sap the vigor of the good plants, so that the ears do not fill out golden and bright. The blight of heathen beliefs settles on them and eats the life-germ in the grain, like a vicious heart disease.

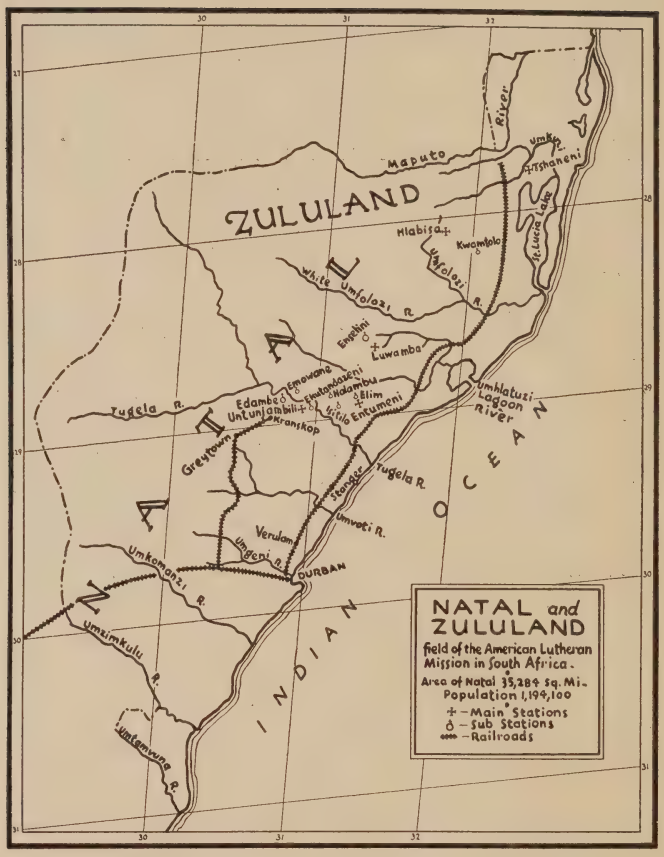
Our missionaries may well grieve at the symptoms of soul sickness in their congregations, but they have learned not to lose heart, but to labor on with a firm hope and with assurance. Their inner eyes behold a vision of their struggling flocks becoming perfect and strong. For they know they are administering the only remedy which can bring health to the spiritual life of their people, the healing Word of the Savior. With increasing gladness, they distribute the leaves from the tree of life which are for "the healing of the nations." (Rev. 22:2) That healing power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ will also purify and strengthen the Zulu Christians whom the Lord has intrusted to their care.

Many centuries ago, Jesus visited Africa as a child. He lived in that country for some time, but Africa did not know her high-born guest. Today He is being recognized by the people of Africa, not as a refugee from the wrath of King Herod, but as the Son of God. He is being welcomed into thousands of homes, yes, Zulu homes.

The vision that came from God to Bishop Astrup has only begun to be realized, and the march towards the heart of Africa is on. Other missions have pushed on towards the north. The Lord is blessing their ef-

forts, but large stretches of untilled land still await the seed of the Gospel. On an extensive tour through Bechuanaland, Transvaal, South Rhodesia and up to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi river, which it was our privilege to make with Rev. Johs. Astrup in 1926, we learned to realize the importance of this unfinished task. In these countries the superintendent found blood kinsmen of his parishioners. They were descendants of the Zulu emigrants of a century ago and they speak their old language with but little change and these, too, await the Gospel tidings.

For many years Hlabisa was our northernmost mission station, an arm pointing towards the field beyond. The next step in that direction was taken when the Tshaneni station was begun in 1929. Thus "the heart of Africa, the goal of the Zulu Mission," is still the slogan of our messengers in Zululand. They believe that the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ will manifest itself among the Zulu Christians so that, supported by the Christians of Christendom, the hopes and prayers of half a century, the salvation of the Zulu kinsmen of the north, will be realized.


NATAL and ZULULAND
field of the American Lutheran Mission in South Africa.
Area of Natal 35,284 sq. Mi.
Population 1,194,100
+ – Main Stations
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– Railroads
ZULULAND
NATAL
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Statistics

	Year Established	Missionaries	Christians	Native Pastors	Evangelists	Students	Out-Stations or Churches
American Board of Foreign Missions*	1835	26	34,000	36	271	7848	481
Lutheran							
Norwegian Missionary Society	1843	19	14,540	11	118	4803	112
Berlin Missionary Society	1846	12	11,247	8	300	3000	167
Hermannsburg Mission	1854	22	21,228	9	299	2861	200
American Lutheran Mission, South Africa	1873	14	10,287	14	84	2783	156
Church of Sweden	1876	34	13,889	12	238	4805	125
Lutheran Free Church of Hanover	1892	8	8,527	3			

*Other Protestant Missions in Natal: Wesleyan, Church of England, United Free Church of Scotland.

Our Missionaries in Natal and Zululand

(Since 1927)

Hans J. S. Astrup entered the service 1884; Entumeni, Eshowe.

Johs. Astrup entered the service 1896; Untunjambili, Kranskop, Superintendent since 1923.

Heinrich Otte entered the service 1897; Hlabisa, Tshaneni.

Caroline Astrup entered the service 1898; Entumeni.

Henninge Astrup entered the service 1899; Hlabisa, Untunjambili.

Mrs. Falk Moe entered the service 1915; Entumeni; to East Africa, 1928.

Johan F. Ylvisaker, missionary in Madagascar, 1921-1925; to South Africa 1925; Entumeni, Luwamba.

John E. Gronli, missionary in China 1920-1927; to South Africa 1928; Entumeni.

Julius E. Farup, pastor in America 1924-1928; to South Africa 1928; Hlabisa.

Sister Petrine Solvik entered the service 1928; Hlabisa.

John Nelson entered the service 1929; Untunjambili.

Lillian Young entered the service 1929; Entumeni; married C. N. Otte 1931.

Carl N. Otte, pastor in America 1928-1929; to South Africa 1929; Untunjambili.

W. O. Rindahl, pastor in America 1928-1930; to South Africa 1930; Umpumulo.

Johannes Nicholai Otte, pastor in America 1929-1931; to South Africa 1931; Untunjambili.

Olga Guttormson, R. N., entered the service 1932; Entumeni.

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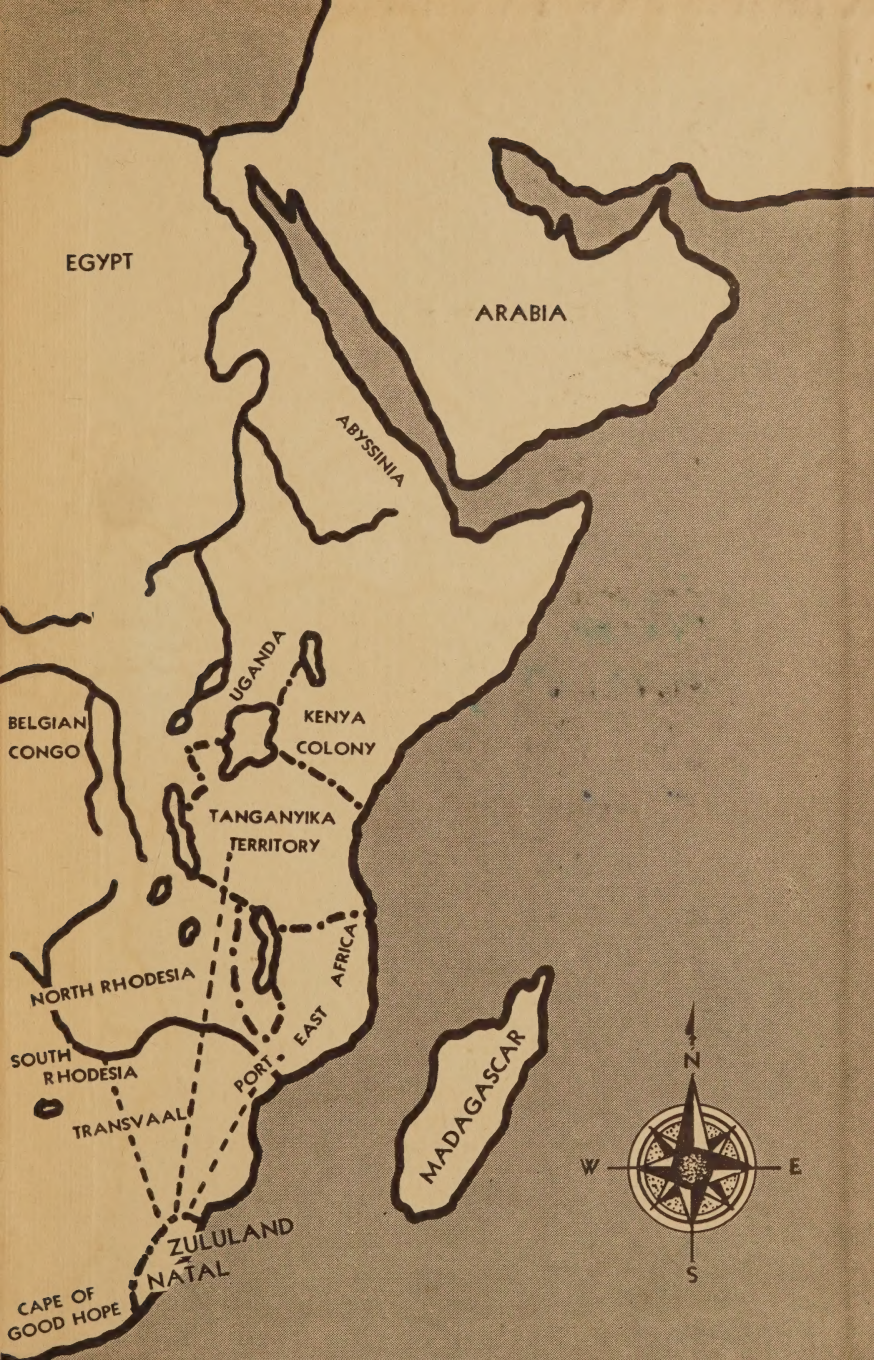
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